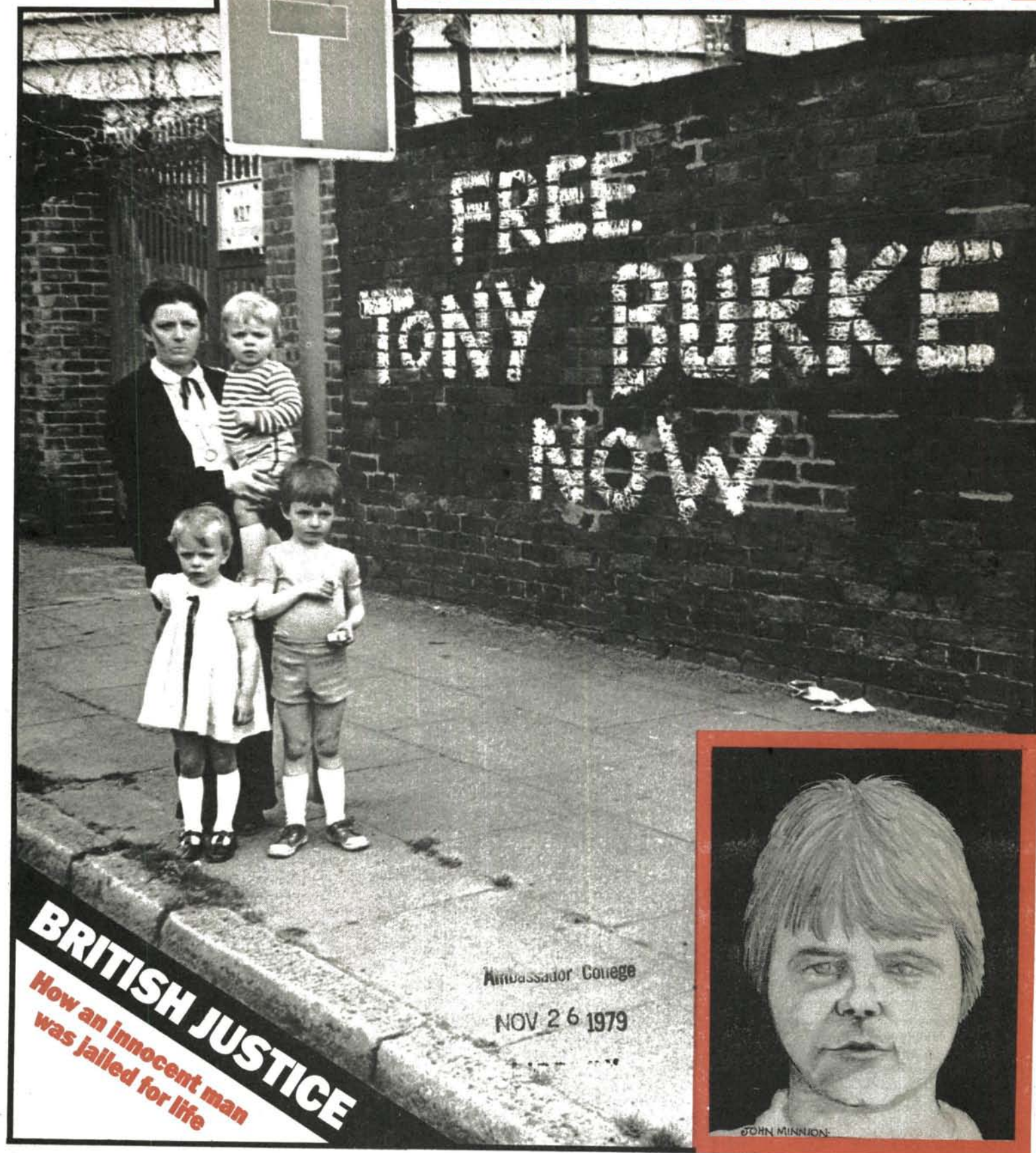


NEW STATESMAN



BRITISH JUSTICE
*How an innocent man
was jailed for life*

Callaghan's war: report from the Brighton front
Czechoslovakia's Harrisburg/Southall's whitewash/Lawyers' reprieve
Tom Paulin: Lawrence's letters/Blake Morrison on André Brink
Juliet Mitchell: infancy & the unconscious
Godfrey Hodgson: Halberstam's powers

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High price for hot air

IT IS WORTH REMEMBERING why the Royal Commission on Legal Services (see page 500) was set up in the first place. There had been, for a long time, widespread and undoubtedly well-founded concern about restrictive practices, excessive fees and low standards. Members of the public – especially the poor – were not getting the legal services they needed. It would be easy to forget that now. The Commission's report does not suggest there is anything very wrong with the status quo. The legal profession have emerged with flying colours, their privileges safely intact. And that is after three and a half years in which the Commission considered some 3,000 written submissions and much oral evidence, at a cost of more than a million pounds. While the lawyers heave a sigh of relief (at the onset it looked like being the most serious investigations they had ever undergone), some connoisseurs are already hailing the report as the worst produced by any Royal Commission.

Its chief fault is not its turgidity of style, nor its shallowness of thought, not even the way in which unsubstantiated assertions are presented as findings of fact. It is its failure to get to grips with the major issues with which it was faced – in particular the lop-sided and featherbedded character of the legal services.

A member of the public has no trouble finding a solicitor to carry out the simple process of buying or selling a house – but finding one to obtain, for instance, an injunction on behalf of an illegally evicted tenant is quite another matter. In some areas it is hardly possible to find a lawyer at all because,

given the profession's unnatural dependence on conveyancing (which the Commission seems anxious to increase) lawyers are concentrated in areas of high owner occupation. In Bournemouth there is one solicitor per 913 members of the population. In Bootle there is one for every 24,736. The report shows that only 1.1 per cent of all solicitors' firms derive more than half their income from legal aid. Evidence from elsewhere suggests that it would be erring on the side of generosity to estimate that a fifth of the 33,000 solicitors in England and Wales devoted the majority of their time to helping ordinary citizens with everyday legal problems. The story of Tony Burke (p. 502-6) illustrates one of the more horrific consequences of an inadequate legal service. The Commission makes no recommendation which would significantly shift the balance in favour of those who are most in need.

Still, what can you expect from a team selected from the usual list of the 'great and the good' and including, in a total of 15, six lawyers and two chartered accountants? One of the Commission's few recommendations for urgent action is actually outside its terms of reference, and illustrates well its sense of priorities: an inquiry should be set up 'without delay', it says, to look into the question of whether there should be a limit on the level of damages which may be awarded for negligence against 'professional persons' (including, presumably, lawyers and chartered accountants). Did we really need to spend £1m and wait three and a half years to hear that?

NOTES

British industry: worsening the crisis

Christopher Hird writes: Britain's major companies are increasing their dividend payments at an annual rate of just over 20 per cent at the moment, according to the *Financial Times* All Share Index. This is happening at a time when, according to last month's Bank of England bulletin, manufacturing companies are in at least as weak a financial position as they were in 1973 and when they faced a financial squeeze as severe as 1974-75 (the effects of this were greatly relieved by the Labour government's effective abolition of corporation tax for manufacturing companies). Allowing for inflation, company profits are already falling, after more than tripling under Labour.

In these circumstances the open-handed attitude of Britain's companies towards dividends may seem somewhat reckless. It is true that the FT dividend index was exceptionally depressed earlier this year by the budget tax changes and recent big dividend increases have included some from the non-manufacturing sector such as BP and Shell. Nonetheless, City analysts are forecasting increases of as little as 5 per cent in corporate profits for this year and next, and this is before making any inflation adjustments. Furthermore, the profits of UK quoted companies include a hefty chunk of overseas earnings (often not sent back to the UK), disguising the underlying deterioration in UK manufacturing. Dividends, however, will generally be paid from resources in this country.

Who receives these dividends? First, the 2½ million individuals who own virtually all the shares in private hands (½ million people account for over two-thirds of these) and who got significant tax cuts in the budget. At a time when it is taken as gospel that all companies are owned by the institutional investors – pension funds and insurance companies

– it is worth noting that – according to the Diamond Commission's report on wealth distribution – these two groups together are about level pegging with private shareholders in their stake in British public companies; both have around a third of the shares. (The remaining shares are owned by other companies, charities, overseas investors and so on.)

It would be nice to think that the recipients of these dividends – through the operation of an efficient free market which allocates resources – ploughed their money back into the productive industry which so needs it. This is unlikely to be the case. After financing the government's borrowing, the vast majority of institutional money will go into buying shares from the personal sector and, next year, the government.) In addition, some will go to buy shares overseas and some to property development; last year these two sources accounted for about a seventh and a tenth of institutional investment and they are likely to be more important this year. On past form, the personal sector will spend the money, use it to buy a house or finance others' house purchase through building society deposits.

Private rents to rocket

Andrew Arden writes: A provision to allow massive increases in private rents is now strongly rumoured to be included in the government's Housing Bill, due out in November. At present, most private tenants and all Housing Association tenants pay what is called a 'fair rent', under legislation first introduced by Labour in 1965. Rent officers, whose duty it is to fix a fair level of rent for private tenancies, are given little guidance as to how the rents should be assessed, but they are required by statute to ignore the possible impact of an accommodation shortage. In other words, they are expected to imagine, when determining a particular rent, that demand for that kind of accommodation



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does not exceed supply. This is known as ignoring the 'scarcity element'.

The formula has long been under attack: rent officers say it is entirely artificial and landlords claim it is simply unfair. However, the courts have helped minimise its effect by allowing rent officers and rent assessment committees an almost blanket authority to use other means of calculating rent, including assessing what the property would be worth with vacant possession. Inevitably this last ploy has readmitted the 'scarcity element' by the back door. According to a document privately circulated to rent officers by the Department of the Environment in May last year, the mean increase in private rents over the whole country between 1974 and 1977 was more than 45 per cent. Now the Tories' Housing Bill is reported to say that the 'scarcity' formula should be replaced with a valuation based on the open market. On that basis, rents would be likely to increase at two or three times their former rate.

These proposals have apparently been mentioned to the Prime Minister, with the warning that, quite literally, hundreds of thousands of people, especially in London, will just not be able to pay rents at their prospective new levels. 'If they can't afford to live in London', she is reported to have replied, 'they can move elsewhere'.

India: Why they called off the royal visit

K. R. Sundar Rajan writes from New Delhi: Why was the proposed visit to India of Prince Charles later this year cancelled? According to apparently Whitehall-inspired reports published here, it was feared that since the trip would have come at a time when India would be busy with a crucial general election, Indian politicians would have tried to

exploit the presence of Prince Charles to get much-needed additional publicity for themselves and their parties. The insinuation has been strongly resented in Indian political circles and a widely printed United News of India (UNI) story said that the London explanation was ridiculous and that the tour of the Prince was only to have been of a ceremonial nature. One junior minister in Prime Minister Charan Singh's government told me: 'Gone are the days when Indians used to go mad over visits by British royalty. If Prince Charles or Queen Elizabeth or Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher imagines that Indian politicians are looking to British royalty for votes, they are living in a fool's paradise. This kind of wishful thinking only shows that the upper caste in Britain is still suffering from the colonial hangover.'

Yet, there is some truth in the story about the reasons for the cancellation of the royal pleasure-hunt. Prime Minister Charan Singh's close advisers did fear that the Prince's sojourn in India would inevitably result in a lot of domestic and foreign publicity for Mrs Indira Gandhi because of her family's close connection with the late Lord Louis Mountbatten. A shrewd publicist and image-maker, the former Indian Prime Minister would have made the utmost use of the opportunity, mainly for overseas consumption. The Charan Singh government came to know that Mrs Gandhi was planning at least two meetings with Prince Charles. Of course she knew that the domestic dividends of the royal visit would be minimal. But what she was really interested in was the opportunity it would provide to improve her image in British eyes after all the West-baiting she had been doing since she imposed her infamous emergency.

Meanwhile, most Indians feel that the Charan Singh government should not have dramatised its grief over the death of Lord Mountbatten by declar-

ing an unprecedented week-long mourning. Some commentators have described him as haughty and full of aristocratic conceit. The suggestion that he 'gave' freedom to the subcontinent is particularly resented.

Passing the port

Brian Wilson writes: Dockers' fears for the future of their industry are at the root of the Hunterston iron, ore and coal terminal dispute, singled out by Mrs Thatcher recently as an example of misguided resistance to technological innovations in which large amounts of capital have been invested. This unhelpful intervention failed to take account of the fact that a word from the government could allay the dockers' worries and thus bring the terminal into operation.

The dispute is costing the British Steel Corporation £1 million per week. Talks during the TUC at Blackpool failed to resolve differences between the Transport and General Workers' Union and the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation over the manning of the port. This was in spite of assurances from Mr Bill Sirs, the ISTC secretary, that if Hunterston develops into a general port the jobs should go to TGWU members. Initially the BSC will be the sole users of Hunterston.

The Clyde-side dockers, conscious of the rate at which jobs in their industry are disappearing, are anxious for their position to be more formally established. They want the Government to recognise Hunterston as a 'registered port'. This would require an order before Parliament and would guarantee the future role of the dockers.

The dispute has lasted over four months and the royal yacht, *Britannia*, which brought the Queen to the official opening ceremony, is still the only vessel to have used the £100 million terminal. The TGWU

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refused to accept an agreement between the BSC and ISTC which gave most of the 60 initial jobs at Hunterston to steelworkers. It is doubtful if the TGWU would quibble over this arrangement if it was satisfied about the position of its members in relation to future developments at Hunterston which is expected, by 1990, to become the Clyde's superport, to the virtual exclusion of Glasgow and Greenock.

The British Steel Corporation has warned that the dispute is jeopardising the whole future of the steel industry in Scotland. As long as Hunterston remains closed, large shipments of iron ore are being diverted to Rotterdam and trans-shipped to the old terminal at Glasgow. The extra cost to BSC on one shipment from Brazil last month was £800,000, they say. The dockers maintain that the BSC has brought the trouble on its own head through lack of advance consultation, before reaching an agreement with the ISTC. The situation is further complicated by the fact that BSC, while undoubtedly crucial participants in the dispute, are not involved in the talks to solve it.

Technically, the employers are the Clyde Port Authority, who have been sympathetic to the dockers' case, but are powerless to impose a solution on the BSC and ISTC. Mr Hugh Wyper, Scottish Secretary of the TGWU, said: 'Government ministers have it in their power to end the dispute by giving an undertaking that Hunterston will become a registered port. Our lads have seen the dock labour force going down from 100,000 to 35,000. They are in a mood to fight for everything now, and they're not prepared to risk being edged out at Hunterston.'

Dentists: Private sector attack on dental NHS

A correspondent writes: The rush by insurance companies to set up private dental health plans – two were announced towards the end of last month – bodes ill for the NHS dental service. The insurance companies' main sales pitch is at employers. In return for a £50 per head annual premium to ensure the dental health of their employees, employers are promised less absenteeism. To give the proposition the appearance of altruism they are also told that the country's 14,000 dentists could do a much better job if only they were well paid – which the insurance scheme will ensure they are. The contention is backed by selective use of the Royal Commission on the National Health Service report which states that at the moment 'regular dental care can only be given to considerably less than half of the population.' (This led the Commission to recommend a switch in policy towards prevention and to point out that to reproduce south-east of England standards of access to treatment nationally would involve a 60 per cent increase in the number of dentists.)

Dentists are themselves partly to blame for the gross inadequacies of the NHS service. Their insistence on treating each patient as a separate contract with the NHS means that they are effectively paid at piecework rates. This encourages a fast turnover, discourages the treatment of difficult work and means that dentists have to pay for their own equipment. A salaried profession might be in a better position to insist on higher earnings and more modern equipment.

The insurance companies – the Swedish-based Skandia and Allied Medical are the first to launch major campaigns – do not conceal their hopes that more dentists will quit NHS work, thereby driving more custom into their fold. Without an increase in the supply of dentists this could push the NHS service into a spiral of decline. However, the Skandia scheme does not necessarily free you from worries. If bought privately the annual premium for the average family costs £178 (there are discounts for employers' group schemes) and the patient must pay 10 per cent of the bill, certain forms of treatment are excluded and what has been considered a must for three decades in the NHS – the six monthly

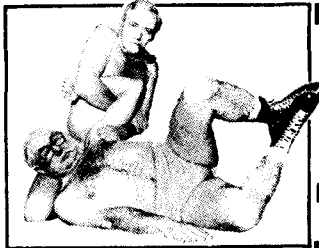
inspection – has been downgraded to annual check-up.

For those, primarily in the south-east, who from necessity or choice use private dentists, the presence of the insurance companies will soon inflate dental fees. One dentist in West London, who now refuses NHS work, charges £7.50 for an inspection and scaling; Skandia rates the job at £12.

Professional ethics prevent dentists from selling insurance and pocketing the commission but they are being circulated with details and there is nothing to prevent them leaving publicity material in the waiting room. It may not be long before the question as you sit in the chair is not 'Does it hurt?' but 'Is it an insurance job?'. And once everyone is in an insurance job, of course, the much vaunted benefits of private care will cease to exist.

The spirit of Lusaka

David Caute writes: In February Mrs Judith Hart announced provision of an additional 3,000 grants for black Zimbabwean students wishing to study in the UK during the academic year beginning in September 1979. As reported in the NS, 14 September, the Thatcher Government's financial freeze resulted, early in August, in a directive from the Overseas Development Administration to the British Council, embargoing all grants beyond 1,000.



Enemies of democracy

PATRICK WINTOUR and FRANCIS WHEEN examine a Labour Conference which was almost – but not quite – a fix.

TWO OF THE more extraordinary statements from Jim Callaghan at this week's Labour Conference came during former Prime Minister's question time on Tuesday. A delegate asked the leader of the party of equality why the distribution of income and wealth had moved in the wrong direction during the lifetime of the Labour government. A fact recently announced by the Royal Commission on the Distribution of Income and Wealth, and widely publicised in the quality press. Callaghan replied that he had not seen this report and that anyway with statistics you can prove anything.

When questioned about the internal democracy of the Parliamentary Labour Party, a quality acknowledged on all sides to be entirely lacking in the PLP, he replied with insouciance: 'I think the system works pretty well! As the man who benefits from the system of patronage it is hardly surprising he thinks that, but it is remarkable that he is

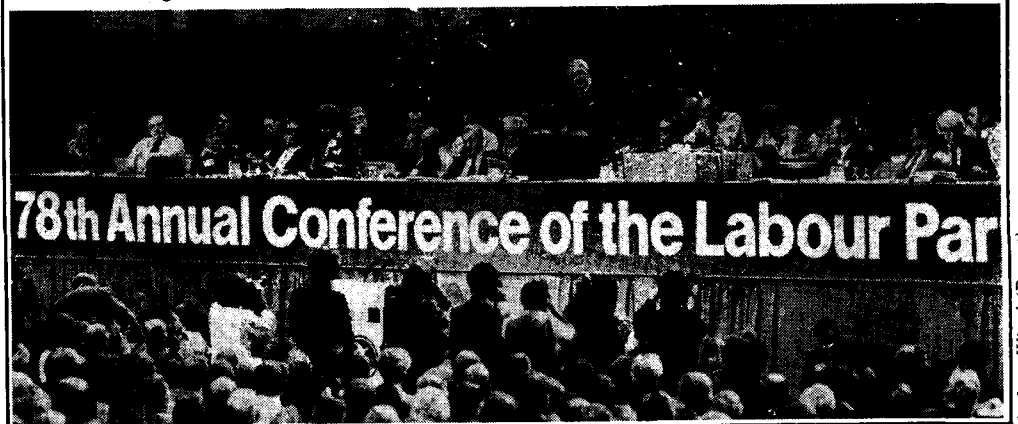
unable to mount a coherent defence of the system.

This was just part of Callaghan's unsteady and eventually subdued performance at conference. Two years ago at Brighton a Labour Party Conference saw an exceptionally comprehensive display of agenda-fixing and a soporific show of unity in what was expected (mistakenly) to be the last conference before an election. Two years later Callaghan has returned a diminished man and the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy has, after six years of organisation, developed an unstoppable momentum.

QUITE HOW much change has occurred at Brighton is hard to gauge. Few agree as to which of the three issues of party democracy is the most significant.

Some see reselection as having the greatest long term influence on the political style of the PLP; others feel that the manifesto is the

Into battle: Brighton '79



Andrew Ward (Report)

greatest issue of principle since it formalises the responsibility of the PLP to conference and the National Executive. Others feel that election of a party leader is all-important in that it sets up a new institutional power within the party – the electoral college. But the importance of the changes is massively diminished by the coming inquiry.

Barring the lunatic fringe of Frank Chapple, who actively favours the party being split asunder, union leaders as politically different as Ray Buckton and David Basnett have been determined to avoid a major public argument. Basnett wanted no votes on party democracy during conference at all – save on reselection, where he believed that the muddle over the AUEW vote last year justified a re-run.

But the NEC refused to budge. This had to be the year that change began. No general election was imminent. Union leaders from 'nasty NUPE' and the TGWU were still furious at being blamed by the former Labour Cabinet for the May defeat. The Left's hold on the NEC was threatened in the near future by expected changes in the internal democracy of the AUEW which would shift that important delegation rightwards.

So with the NEC unyielding, and insistent on debate at conference, the best recourse for the Right and Centre was to ensure that all three constitutional issues could be discussed at the forthcoming union-NEC inquiry.

Throughout the NEC meetings held on the weekend before conference, Denis Skinner and Les Huckfield asked about the status of the inquiry. Would it be able to reopen issues that had been decided at conference or would it be bound by conference decisions? They received no reply. Even Benn told them to drop it. But it was clear from the NEC's behaviour that, with the inquiry inevitable, it was thought that there was no point indulging in full scale conflict at Brighton. An almost phoney war was declared.

ISSUES SUCH AS authorship of the manifesto have thus become merely votes of principle at this conference – not constitutional amendments which would take immediate effect. By 14 votes to 12 the NEC withdrew their constitutional amendment, drawn up in the summer, on control of the manifesto. Instead they supported a resolution instructing them to come up with similar proposals for 1980. By a larger majority they fudged an immediate challenge to the leadership, rejecting detailed proposals which specified that the leader should be elected annually by an electoral college, in which half the votes would come from the unions. Alex Kitson of the TGWU particularly advised that detailed proposals would not win the unions' support.

In a mood of optimism excessive even by his own standards, Tony Benn declared after the NEC Sunday meeting that the Left had got '95 per cent of what we wanted'. John Golding, Callaghan's organiser on the NEC, was far more accurate in claiming that 'the Right didn't do too badly at all'. The real puzzle in the aftermath of the meeting was why on earth Callaghan needed to be so tetchy.

The Basnett strategy of securing supremacy for the inquiry seems to have succeeded. It has been given terms of reference that preclude discussion of no subject. Admittedly the inquiry is not yet sovereign, since its proposals will have to be put to the NEC next year, who in turn will then decide how to put them to conference. But with the party still in great



Callaghan: 'I think the system works pretty well'.

Andrew Wiant (Report)

financial debt to the unions and in fact surviving off union loans, a union-sponsored inquiry cannot be rebuffed. The Left would be impotent without support from an industrial base.

Bar gossip has rapidly turned back to the composition of the inquiry, generally expected to be five a side. The union team is expected to be Duffy, Evans, Clive Jenkins, Fisher and Basnett. The loose card is Jenkins who has been easing his ample frame horizontally to the centre as he ascends vertically through the TUC hierarchy.

The complexion of the NEC side is more open. Treasurer Norman Atkinson, chairman of the organisation sub-committee Eric Heffer, and Alex Kitson are likely to be fielded. But the two other places will doubtless be scrapped over in best NEC style. Parts of the Left are asking for five constituency representatives on the inquiry. Healey has matched this by saying that the PLP must also be represented. Someone else will doubtless claim that local government must also be represented. In the end this argument could become a forerunner for the debate about the composition of the NEC itself.

SADLY, OR PREDICTABLY, there are few who see the inquiry as a genuine vehicle of change – its present support derives from its usefulness as a means of deferment. Is this inevitable? The unions do want to increase the political involvement of their membership through factory branches, through union organisers acting as agents and through the revival of regional councils. It would be suicidal for the Left to resist that: but they will push gently for greater constituency power in recognition of the increased subscription.

But campaigners for democracy might well look at the accountability of union chieftains themselves – for this conference has again been marred by sordid fiddles. The most blatant was Joe Gormley's – he simply ignored the NUM conference decision in favour of reselection – and the subtlest was the AUEW's, which defeated the proposals for an electoral college.

The AUEW's delegation split 17-17,

whereupon Terry Duffy turned the matter by use of a casting vote which under the union's rule-book he does not possess. He achieved the 17-17 balance by dint of the support of Jim Murray, AUEW convenor at Vickers in Newcastle – advocate of combine committees, the Institute for Workers' Control and most things Bennite. Murray murmured an explanation about the primacy of the reselection issue, and the views of local Tyneside members. But he was less than forthcoming about the two hours of talks he had with Duffy in Newcastle last week. It appears that one of Mr Duffy's more persistent questions had been: 'What do you want to do in the union?'

Right-wingers in groups like the Campaign for a Labour Victory will have to rely more and more on backstairs manoeuvres of this kind during the coming year – for although the AUEW will move Duffy's way, other unions will move leftwards. It will therefore become more and more difficult for them to describe their opponents as 'enemies of democracy' (the phrase is used as the title of a new red-baiting tome on the Prentice affair).

There is no fundamental ideological reason why the Right should be against democracy (or in favour of sin), but the curious fact is that they have chosen to make a stand against proposals for constitutional change which they could just as well have made their own.

Thus the voting results this week were, in a sense, of secondary importance. What was most significant was the argument itself, which the Left won almost unopposed. Such case as was presented on the other side consisted largely of bluster about unity ('Some people', declared Denis Healey, 'seem more concerned to get rid of Jim Callaghan than of Mrs Thatcher'). After Tuesday's proceedings, there were allegations that chairman Frank Allaun had fixed the debate by calling only wearisome speakers from the Right, such as Charles Morris, MP. But there are few genuinely credible members of the Right who could produce any stirring defence of Callaghan's arrogant re-writing of the manifesto, or his personal manipulation of the PLP.

The Prague syndrome

THE NUCLEAR POWER establishments in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union have not had to face the same critical opposition as their Western colleagues. Unencumbered by a free press, they have managed to suppress news of serious nuclear disasters, including two major accidents in Czechoslovakia. Details of these accidents, and the way in which the East European nuclear industry operates, are spelt out in a document from the Charter 77 human rights group, which has recently become fully available in Britain.

The history of Czechoslovakia's first power-producing nuclear reactor – until recently it's only one – is among the worst in the world. Started in 1958, it was due to operate by 1965 but did not in the event 'go critical' until December 1972. It was not producing power until 1973 – 15 years after work started, and almost 8 years behind schedule. This alone is a world record of a sort. It did not however produce very much power, nor for very long. In 1976, and again in 1977, there were major accidents, the last one of which has almost certainly left the reactor permanently defunct. During the 26 months in which it did run uninterrupted by major accidents, it was 'shut down more often than not'.

The reactor concerned is at Jaslovské Bohunice north of Bratislava in western Slovakia. Bohunice is a major nuclear site, with two large Soviet-designed reactors now being completed. Two other major nuclear power sites are also under construction elsewhere in Czechoslovakia. The Bohunice A1 reactor was designed jointly by Soviet and Czech specialists. Its design was not dissimilar to many western projects started at the same period, nor, say the Charter writers, were its safety standards. But thereafter, institutional pressures began to take their effect. Not infrequent design changes meant that sometimes 'the complete documentation needed to construct the reactor did not exist', while 'elementary (construction) regulations were not observed'.

Working safety standards suffered similarly. Reactor operators worked 16 hour shifts, and were told to operate the reactor outside the safety limits provided they didn't actually cause an accident. Any shutdown for safety reasons was resisted by the plant's management for 'moral and financial reasons', and a similarly lax attitude taken towards workers' safety. 'Czechoslovak radiation regulations are among the strictest in the world, but in practice they are the least observed', the Charter specialists note.

Like most other countries, these regulations meant that workers who went into high radioactivity zones quickly received their maximum dose for the year, became 'burnt out' and could no longer work in radiation zones. Because of the 'frequent accidents', all the available radiation zone workers soon exceeded their safety limits. Staff working in other areas were then put under 'direct orders' to do the jobs concerned; anyone refusing was penalised, such as by loss of bonuses.

BOHUNICE A1's operating record up to 1976 was poor enough, with frequent stoppages and a maximum power output of 100 Megawatts (out of a planned 150) being the best ever achieved. In January 1976, it suffered the first of the two major accidents, both of which released radioactivity to the environment. Yet, until the Charter information leaked out, neither the Czech public nor the international scientific community had heard a word about them.

Because the subject of nuclear accidents is treated to critical scrutiny by protagonists and opponents of nuclear energy alike, it is necessary to examine the Charter data in the light of the not inconsiderable technical data available in the West. The details of the reactor and its cooling and operating systems in the Charter document do accord with its published specifications; there is some confusion involved in the exact description of the mechanism of the accidents, but no difficulty in identifying the likely accuracy of the description of the consequences.

THE FIRST ACCIDENT, on 5 January 1976, appears to have happened during the refuelling of the reactor, when new uranium fuel elements were being inserted into long pipes leading down to the operating core of the reactor. This is in any circumstance a critical operation, and is especially difficult if the reactor is operating at the time. While the reactor operates, a massive flow of cooling liquid or gas is necessary to remove the heat of the nuclear reactions and convert it eventually into electrical power. At Bohunice, this cooling was done by circulating carbon dioxide gas, at a pressure 60 times greater than normal atmospheric pressure. Its flow was controlled by safety valves in each of the pipes containing the uranium fuel.

In January 1976, one of these valves became obstructed by a 'pad', according to the official enquiry. As a result the new fuel element was 'ejected from the reactor' by the gas pressure, and the hot, radioactive gas flowed at high pressure into the working spaces surrounding the reactor. An evacuation alarm was given, but two of the workers in the area were suffocated by the gas because the emergency exit they made for was locked shut 'to prevent the frequent thefts'. The reactor had some provision for dealing with escaping gas, by placing it into four emergency 'decay tanks' which would allow radioactivity to reduce before releasing it to the atmosphere. But the capacity of the tanks was insufficient to deal with a leak of this magnitude and radioactive gas was discharged directly into the atmosphere. The public was not warned of any hazard, apparently, while the workers in the plant itself were not allowed to know the level of radiation that they had absorbed. The extent of the atmospheric discharge on this occasion remains a strict secret.

The reactor was apparently repaired after this accident and operations continued. The second accident, on 24 February 1977, was even more serious and probably put the reactor permanently out of operation. On this occasion, the fault was again due to 'negligence' in the installation of a new uranium fuel

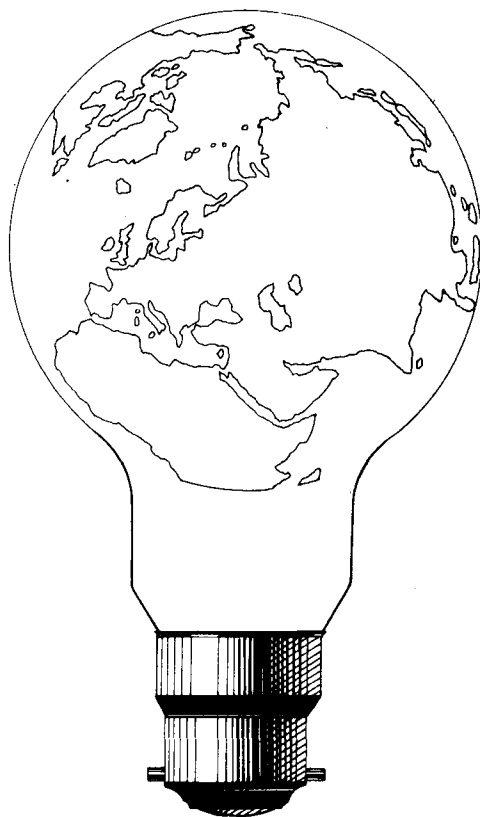
element, and a mistake in loading it into the reactor. With the reactor in operation, the new fuel element overheated and became damaged. This damage extended to the tube containing it in the core of the reactor, and as a result the gas began to mix with the heavy water 'moderator' of the reactor. The whole of the cooling gas circuit thus became contaminated with a variety of radio active substances from the reactor core, including tritium gas. The same overheating caused damage to the secondary cooling circuit, where heat from the carbon dioxide gas was transferred to steam (used for powering electrical turbines) inside steam generators.

But the accident caused a seal of the steam generator to rupture, according to the Charter report, with the radioactive contamination now spreading into the water and steam of the pipes to the turbines. There were now, it seems, damage and cracks between every part of the cooling circuit and the reactor core, and considerable contamination would have been likely. During the shutdown of the reactor, contaminated steam was emitted into the atmosphere. Radioactive tritium gas escaped into the operating areas of the reactor. The incident also left a considerable quantity of contaminated water to be disposed of: during chemical operations to clean the radioactive material from the water, some of it was accidentally flushed into the local drainage system, and ended up *inter alia* in a stream passing through the nearby village of Zlovec. The stream was temporarily fenced off.

Amid this display of accidental and wilful carelessness, there was one scene wholly reminiscent of the cynicism of the *China Syndrome*: during one of the accidents, with the station shut down, a TV crew visited the station to make a film. In order to pretend that the reactor was nevertheless operating well, film crew members went behind the control panel and flashed pocket torches through the control lights to simulate operations. The A1 reactor has not operated since February 1977, as the damage caused would necessitate refitting inside the reactor core – an enormously expensive, complicated and dangerous operation. Given the reactor's obsolescence, any attempt to re-use it is most unlikely. In the meantime, the authorities are maintaining a stony silence on the subject of its future.

Incidents like this have at least persuaded the Soviets to abandon some of their more unusual nuclear policies. For example, until recently no Soviet reactor was provided with 'containment', which is a solid shell around the reactor intended to protect it from external damage and contain any serious internal accident. This was viewed in official circles as a capitalist trick for raising prices: Soviet reactors, moreover were deemed to be the safest in the world. The Charter specialists who prepared the discussion paper on nuclear power describe the spectacle so far as 'horrifying' and reasonably wish to raise the 'totally inadequate' level of public discussion on the subject. They do not wholly oppose the further development of nuclear power – only the cynical contempt for workers and public safety shown so far by the Czech and Soviet authorities.

*Charter Document No. 22, available in the UK from Palach Press.



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Loser gets a clout

JUST HOW STAUNCHLY the teaching profession will defend its right to beat children can be judged from the recent, bizarre goings-on at Ailwyn community school in Cambridgeshire. A complaint was sent in May last year to the county's education department about excessive and 'illegal' corporal punishment at the school. The teacher who sent the complaint, Nigel Everdell, found soon afterwards that his own teaching methods were under bitter and unprecedented attack. Within nine months he was sacked.

Everdell had sought to draw attention to the behaviour of a PE teacher, who was fond of playing a 'game' with boy pupils in which he could 'clout' the losers. 'The pupils run around the gymnasium', he wrote to Mr Davey, Deputy Director of Education, 'then when he blows his whistle they must touch each of the four walls of the gymnasium and then sit down. The last one to sit down gets a clout. There is a variation on this where he blows his whistle as the boys run around and again the last one to sit down gets a clout.' Everdell went on: 'The boys inform me that they are often struck for failing to perform their physical exercises correctly... one boy informs me that in his class four or five boys are struck each lesson, and another assures me that things are much the same in his class'. He told Davey he was aware that teachers were legally entitled to administer corporal punishment within certain limits: 'But I fail to see what misdemeanour the pupils have committed. In the absence of misdemeanour surely this behaviour becomes assault and not punishment.' He felt sure, in any case, that most of these cases had not been entered into the school's punishment book.

The education department did not deny the allegations, but dismissed them as trivial. Davey wrote to Everdell: 'You must accept that whether the actions... can be said to be defined as assault depends entirely on the spirit in which they were carried out and I have no doubt that they were given in a spirit that would not lead to exception being taken to the action'.

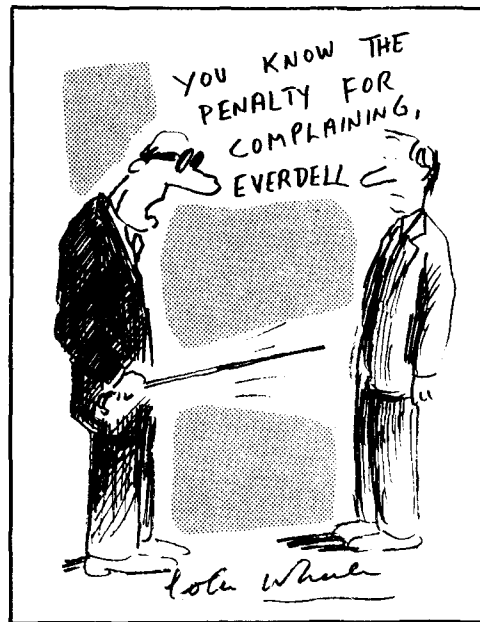
The matter might have rested there, but instead a process of retribution began. According to 'agreed procedures', Everdell should have gone first to the head teacher with his complaints. His failure to do so led to his being accused of 'unprofessional behaviour'. He got no help from his union, the National Association of Schoolmasters (NAS), which strongly supports the retention of corporal punishment: first, it suggested he 'compromise' by dropping his allegations; then it withdrew all assistance. Now Everdell's branch is seeking his expulsion from the NAS for unprofessional conduct towards fellow teachers.

Once he had blown his whistle on his colleagues, Everdell's teaching techniques were increasingly called into question. In his first year at the school he had encountered some discipline problems with his classes in science and rural science, and, as a means of tackling the problem, he had changed his teaching style from the 'traditional' methods favoured by the school to techniques more suited to the pupils of mixed ability to whom he was giving lessons. The rest of the school persisted with

traditional methods and Everdell's move was not welcomed, even though his new approach proved more successful for him, not only in helping the educational development of the pupils, but also in keeping order in class.

Neither the head nor the other teachers would discuss the issue of teaching methods with Everdell. Instead, he was accused of putting the pupils physically at risk in the science lessons and was banned from allowing pupils out-of-doors for rural science practical work unless they were all within sight and hearing of the teacher.

Everdell felt the restrictions were seriously limiting the scope of his mixed ability work. He complained again – this time under an



official grievance procedure – and lost. It was then suggested that an adviser from the local education authority should come in and observe his work. Everdell agreed.

The science adviser's report was a mixture of odd assumptions and sensible educational observations. He stated in his introduction that he had always been in favour of the current set-up of the school, so it was not surprising that his report was highly critical of Everdell. Normally advisers spend a much longer period assessing the value and competence of a teacher than the four half-days on which this report was based. Yet it was used as a major element in forcing Everdell's dismissal.

When Everdell still refused to restrict his teaching methods, he was suspended. He was offered a 'second chance coupled with a severe reprimand' – so long as he agreed to abide by a detailed list of instructions from the head (based partly on the science adviser's report) on his 'teaching, administrative work and conduct while employed at Ailwyn'. A disagreement over teaching methods in mixed ability classes had now become a major assault on Everdell's whole style of working, his beliefs and his behaviour.

The head instructed Everdell, among other things, to apply strictly traditional methods to mixed ability classes; 'in no circumstances (to) deal with mammalian reproduction or sex

education' in science or rural science lessons; and – most remarkable of all – to withdraw his allegations about corporal punishment.

He refused and was sacked. He goes before an industrial tribunal on 15 October to claim unfair dismissal.

Charter for immigrant children

SPECIAL PROCEDURES TO protect children affected by this country's immigration laws are being demanded by the UK Association for the International Year of the Child. The Association claims that British immigration officials regularly breach the UN Declaration of the Rights of the Child in the way they treat children who come into their hands.

Children coming here to settle are usually admitted only if both their parents are settled here (or if one is settled and the other accompanying the children). A child will be admitted to join a single parent only if that parent can prove sole responsibility for bringing up the child. For example, 12-year-old Monica lived with her mother and stepfather in Jamaica. Her father lived in London and wanted Monica to join him. She was unhappy in Jamaica as her stepfather did not want her and they lived in overcrowded conditions. But she was refused entry because her father had not been solely responsible for her.

When parents here are served with deportation orders, they can be detained, leaving no-one to look after their children, who then have to go into local authority care. For example, Sarah's parents were served with deportation orders because of a dispute about their passports. They were taken to prison. Sarah's younger sister accompanied her mother, but three-year-old Sarah was above the age limit and was taken into care.

Children as young as five are interrogated by immigration officials and their 'evidence' is used against their parents to ban them from entry or to deport them. A more deadly practice is for officials to insist on children being X-rayed to obtain an estimate of their age. Not only is this an unreliable measure of age estimation, it is contrary to DHSS instructions to UK radiographers which specifically forbid the X-ray of children for non-medical reasons because of the risk of damage to glands. But children in the Indian sub-continent are often X-rayed 12 to 15 times at the request of the British High Commission.

The 'code of protection', which IYC wants written into the immigration rules, includes an explicit undertaking that the care and needs of children will be taken into account; no child to be interviewed by an official except in the presence of a parent; no interview of a child under 12 to be relied on or used for making a decision; no medical examination except for a medical reason; no child to be detained for breach of immigration law or on the authority of an immigration officer; a child's right to live with both parents must be respected as must the right to live with one who has not had sole responsibility for the child's upbringing; entry clearance delays to be reduced to a minimum.

Immigrant children: a code for their protection available free from IYC, 85 Whitehall, London SW1.

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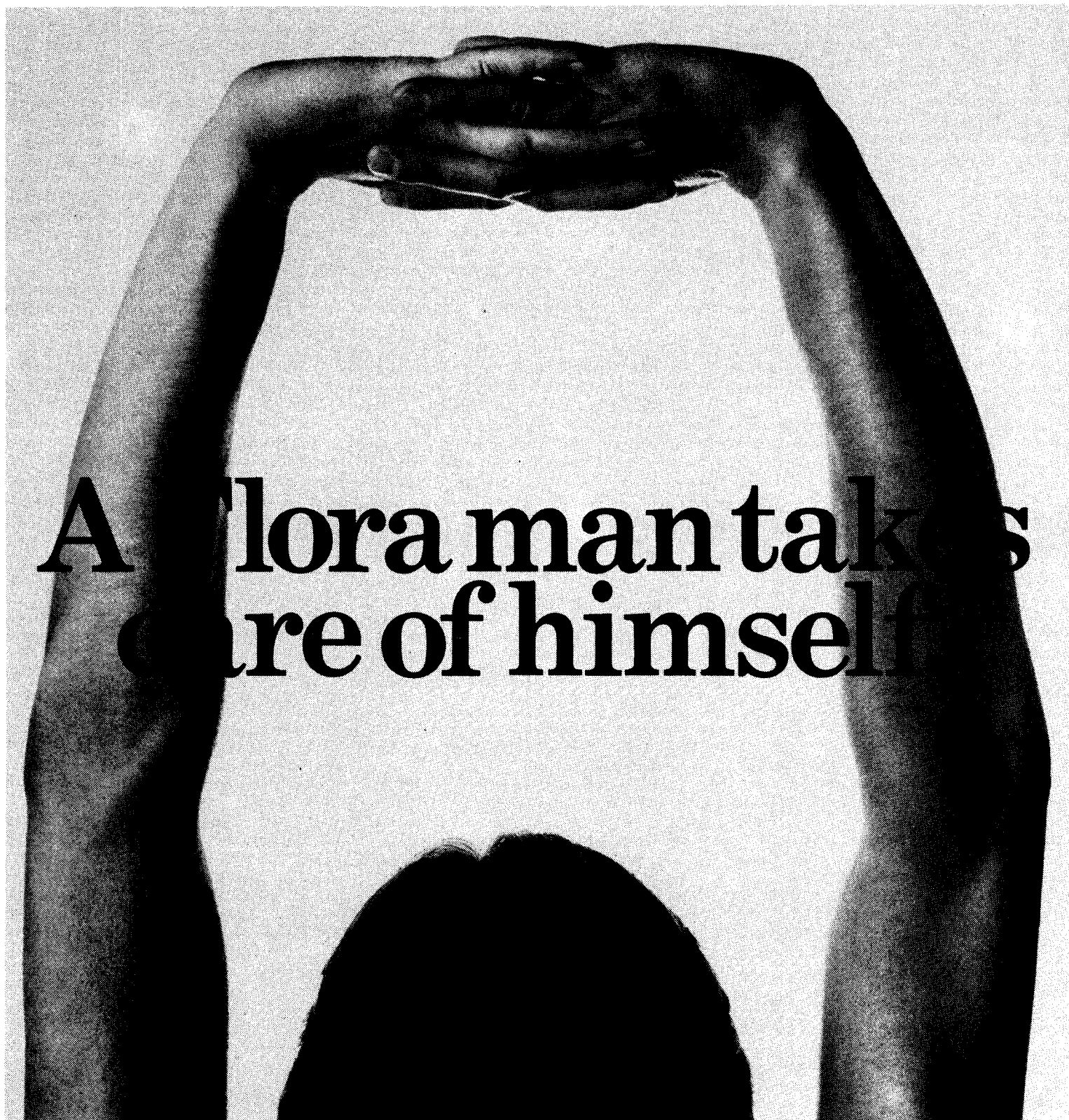
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Wooing workers and intelligentsia

THREE DAYS AFTER East Germany celebrates its thirtieth anniversary on 7 October the prison gates are to be opened. If the last amnesty in the GDR in 1972 is anything to go by – when 30,000 were released – the inmates should flock out in substantial numbers. The question though which everybody is asking, is whether the authorities will allow out East Germany's two most prominent political prisoners, Rudolf Bahro and Nico Huebner.

For this amnesty no distinction is being made between criminal and political prisoners: when this was done in 1972, it was an inadvertent admission that there were political prisoners in the GDR. After the Helsinki conference, however, it does not seem proper to admit such a thing. The crucial phrase in the decree announcing the amnesty reads:

Those persons are excluded from the amnesty who have been sentenced for crimes which are punishable because of international agreements and other international obligations of the GDR.

Whether Huebner and Bahro will be freed is, as so often with political decisions in the GDR, a matter of arbitrary interpretation by the state.

The case of Nico Huebner seems to be relatively simple. He wants to leave East Germany so the GDR has nothing to gain from keeping him in prison. In fact he is an embarrassment to the authorities, as he claimed exemption from national service because of the four-power status of Berlin – something which the GDR authorities do not accept for East Berlin. For this reason Huebner went to prison.

The situation is entirely different with Rudolf Bahro, the philosopher and critic of the regime, who was sentenced for publishing his book *The Alternative* in West Ger-

many. In his book he sharply criticises East Germany's bureaucratic apparatus from a Marxist point of view. Before being brought to court, he uncompromisingly stated that he did not want to leave the GDR voluntarily. He said then that this was because 'people like myself simply have to try and change the political course from within if they want to remain faithful to their beginnings'.

Since then, however, the Hamburg news magazine *Der Spiegel* has published two letters from Bahro, which were supposedly smuggled out of prison for him. In the second letter he allegedly declared that he wanted to leave and live in West Germany. On the other hand, Bonn's Minister for Inner-German Affairs, Egon Franke, said only last week that Bahro did not want to leave East Germany, and Franke should know as he has a direct line to the two lawyers who usually arrange for such prisoners to be released to the West. It seems that *Der Spiegel* may have been unknowingly supplied with these letters by the State Security Police of the GDR, who have an interest in suggesting that Bahro wants to emigrate. As long as he does not want to leave, he cannot be stripped of his citizenship and be sent across the inner-German border without causing an outcry among the critical intellectuals of the country. On balance, it seems unlikely that Bahro will be released.

THE PARTY LEADERSHIP, though, is desperately trying to relax the situation internally after this summer's stricter laws on political offences came into force, and after the clashes with the country's critical intelligentsia culminating in the expulsion of nine prominent cultural figures from the writers' association. In fact, a first cautious step has been

made towards coming to terms with the critical writers by permitting those of them who want to leave the country to take out a three years' visa, thus allowing them either to leave for good or to think it over and return afterwards. At the same time those critical authors who want to stay, if they are able to earn a living after having been expelled from the writers' union, have been promised that their old works will be republished provided they toe the party line.

There is, however, a feeling of disappointment among East Germans in general because of the economy's shortcomings. Some reassurance was provided by the party leader Erich Honecker last week when he announced that East Germany will keep prices for basic consumer goods steady. East Germany is thus the only Soviet bloc country which sticks to a policy of price stability, at least for most of the basic items. Honecker conceded, though, that some prices for consumer durables will go up 'as their quality improves', so he put it.

For the leadership it is an unfortunate coincidence that economic problems which are outside their control have hit the country at a time when the party wanted to show off the achievements of 30 years of socialism with an East German face. The East Germans are by all accounts still enjoying the highest standard of living in their bloc. Yet, the consumer goods which are dangled in front of their eyes every night when they switch to West German television have raised their expectations to heights which cannot be satisfied. The party leadership has contributed to this gap between desire and fulfilment by its over-optimism about the country's economic strength and its capacity to produce a comparable life style to that of the West.

AFRICA

Why the French helped depose Bokassa

Richard Carver and Brian Slocock write: For someone who was so universally reviled, Jean-Bedel Bokassa of the happily defunct Central African Empire had a good many friends. Zaire, for example, which provided troops to put down opposition demonstrations; South Africa, which offered to build a rail link to the coast and floated the possibility of \$250m worth of trade and investment over the next ten years; West Germany, which was already collaborating on a coastal rail link; Libya which had just embarked on a programme of aid to the Empire. Even the Soviet Union maintains a large embassy and educates hundreds of Oubanguians each year.

Fortunately for Bokassa it was his closest friend of all, France, which finally removed him. For years the Central African Republic/Empire was kept afloat by French development aid and not even the widely reported massacre of schoolchildren earlier this year could dampen the enthusiasm of the Quai d'Orsay: its equally widely reported decision to cut off military aid in protest meant nothing – for France supplied no military aid to speak of.

What did sway the French, however, was the fear that Bokassa would be toppled by mass opposition. The massacres which began in January were answered by student demon-

strations and public service strikes which would have been unthinkable in, say, Amin's Uganda. At times the capital of Bangui was in near insurrection. On one occasion 100 Imperial Guards were killed with poisoned arrows as they tried to restore order. Regular troops were confined to barracks during mass disturbances, as the Emperor did not trust the army and had disarmed a large proportion of it. The army was reportedly behind an assassination attempt in April.

The French decided to utilise military discontent to pre-empt a possible victory of the popular opposition. French troops seem to have played a major part in the coup itself – French aircraft were concealed at the airport before the seizure of power. The timing of the coup to coincide with Bokassa's absence from the country suggests that the French may even have warned him what was in store. Certainly his old ally Mobutu of Zaire seems to have been in on the plot, meeting the new President, David Dacko, only three weeks earlier.

The French aim – so far successful – was to maintain the political structure of the country intact. Dacko was ousted from power by Bokassa in 1966 but was latterly a counsellor at the imperial court. He is thereby implicated in Bokassa's worst excesses. For the moment he has maintained Bokassa's government and

promoted the Prime Minister, Henri Maidou, to Vice-President.

By plumping for a new leader from within the country, the French have passed over other contenders. Two who will soon insinuate their way back into Oubanguian politics are the Paris-based Ange Patassé and General Sylvestre Bangui. The former was Prime Minister at the time of Bokassa's coronation in 1977 but has since undergone a timely conversion to republicanism. It is reported that General Bangui is still undecided on the issue.

More significant in terms of potential popular support is Dr Abel Goumba, a WHO physician who heads the Patriotic Front of Oubanguians, based in Congo-Brazzaville. He is unlikely to be returning in the near future, however, since he was exiled in 1962 for plotting to overthrow President David Dacko.

The French Atomic Energy Commission, headed by Jacques Giscard d'Estaing, the President's cousin, has a large interest in Oubanguian uranium which accounts for both French concern for the country's future and the recent South African overtures. French policymakers were also alert to the danger of a Libya-CAR-Congo axis which could threaten access to the mineral deposits of the entire region.

Reprieve for the legal professions

THE REPORT of the Royal Commission on Legal Services, published this week, makes pious noises about lawyers doing more work in the field of 'social welfare' and about satisfying the widespread need for legal services which is at present unmet. However, its proposals scarcely seem designed to achieve those ends. Not only is the solicitors' conveyancing monopoly to be maintained; but it is also to be extended (even further than the Law Society requested) to more parts of the operation, and to be enforced by the police. No credible proposals are made to encourage the setting up of legal aid practices in under-lawyered areas. In the Commission's research, which was carried out jointly with the Law Society (one of the organisations it was supposed to be investigating) it made no attempt to investigate the relative profitability of legal aid practices, thus allowing the government to resist requests for more money.

The Commission's proposals on eligibility for civil legal aid and advice are bizarre. There are at present two schemes – legal advice and assistance for preliminary help (the Green Form scheme) and legal aid for proceedings. The schemes need to be merged and simplified to increase take-up, but instead of building on the simpler Green Form scheme and recommending an end to means testing, at least in priority areas such as housing or employment, the Commission gets the whole thing the wrong way around. It suggests that the more complicated legal aid means test be extended to the Green Form scheme; that the lower income and capital limit (below which help is free) be raised substantially; and the abolition of the upper limit (above which help is generally unavailable). This would enable the rich to get state-subsidised legal help for such measures as tax avoidance, while deterring, by the more complicated means test, those who are most baffled by form filling and most in need of legal help, from applying for legal aid. It is 'not necessarily desirable', says the report, that the rich should be excluded from benefit: 'People with higher incomes pay higher taxes and should in principle be entitled to benefit when need arises from schemes provided out of public money.' On law centres – the main innovation in providing lawyers' services for the poor – the report is ambiguous. It remarks that their 'impact has been out of all proportion to their size'. But although there is a welcome suggestion that they should be funded by central rather than local government, this is combined with three proposals which will restrict their effectiveness: first, that they should reduce their innovative work with groups such as tenants' associations; second that their clients, where eligible, should apply for means-tested legal aid; and third, that their locally elected management committees should be replaced by a new centralised quango.

The proposals on tribunals are similarly mixed. Welcome suggestions for a review of procedure and for lay advocates with legal support are marred by a failure to encourage the existing system of trade union representation and assistance, on the ground that the unions confine 'their services to a restricted class of subscribing members'.

On education and training, the Commission

takes a retrogressive line. It retreats from the Ormerod Committee's proposals of 1971 and suggests the retention of a system of articles for trainee solicitors. The few modifications it would like to see are unlikely to be accepted by the profession or to make any difference to the patchy nature of the training received by most fledgling solicitors. For Bar pupils at least, it suggests much-needed grants.

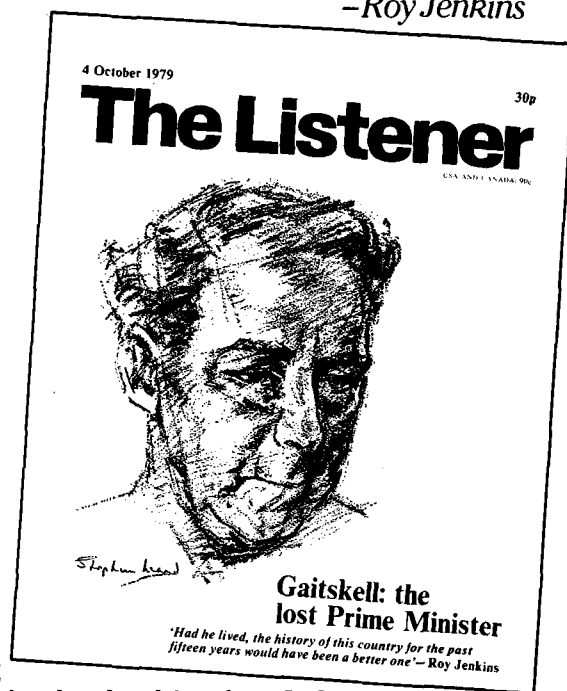
The Bar in general has got what it wanted. It has preserved its rights of audience and immunity from negligence suits arising out of court work. The report suggests that solicitors appearing as advocates in the lower courts should share this privilege.

The Commission backs the view that the

granting of legal aid in magistrates' courts has been inconsistent and recommends a tightening of the rules. But, somewhat illogically, it rejects the idea that there should be a right of appeal against refusal of legal aid. Its proposal that individual solicitors should be able to advertise is also helpful. Few will object to its suggestion that there should be more money for the Citizens' Advice Bureaux, or its proposals to give greater help to those in police custody or in prison. On balance, however, it is clear from the report that the Commission has accepted the views of the professional establishment and given little weight to the interests of ordinary consumers or to lawyers who are trying to meet their needs.

'He would have made a great Prime Minister. Had he lived and become Prime Minister I think this country would have had a better history'

—Roy Jenkins



Lord Boyle, Lord Shinwell, Roy Jenkins and Michael Foot were among the contributors to Anthony Howard's BBC tv programme *The Lost Prime Minister*.

In *The Listener* this week they recall Hugh Gaitskell's remarkable career; his rise to Chancellor of the Exchequer after only five years in the Commons; his assertive, uncompromising leadership of the Labour Party; his firm stand over Suez; and the lost election of 1959, the first and only chance he had of becoming Prime Minister.

The Lost Prime Minister is the story of a courageous, sometimes stubborn man whose natural talents for leadership never quite found their fulfilment. Read it today in *The Listener*.

The Listener

Edited by Anthony Howard
4th October issue. 30p

Southall gets a white-wash

VERY EARLY EACH MORNING, for the past few weeks, another nine Southall residents have set off across London for Barnet Magistrates Court. Of the 86 cases completed so far, 74 have resulted in convictions, three people have been goaled and £7,000 in fines have been paid out. By the time all 342 cases have been completed, some time well into 1980, perhaps 70 people will have been goaled and £100,000 paid out in fines and costs.

On 11 October the inquest reopens into the death of Blair Peach, the East London teacher who was killed in Southall on the same day, 23 April, nearly six months ago, when the offences now being tried at Barnet are said to have taken place. This is the last opportunity that the family and friends of Blair Peach will have to confront the police with the overwhelming evidence of how he was killed, and to ensure that a cover-up is not completed. Pickets of over a hundred police stations around the country are being organised for the night before. Unconfirmed reports suggest that the results of police enquiries into the killing are now with the Director of Public Prosecutions, and that no-one is to be charged.

The apparent public indifference to these events over the past six months probably results from what we have been led to believe occurred on 23 April: that it was a 'riot', that those who are being tried are the 'rioters', and that Blair Peach died as a result of his participation in it. Those who were actually present know that this is untrue. They have maintained all along that they were, in effect, subjected to a calculated assault by the police. More or less everything that has happened during the last six months has, if anything, strengthened their case.

According to official figures, 2,756 police officers were on duty to police a demonstration numbering, at its height, some 3,000 people, yet were unable to prevent a 'riot' and had to make over 700 arrests to 'control' it. Eye-witnesses speak with unmistakable clarity and force of repeated racist insults and threats from police officers, of NF signs drawn in the condensation on the windows of waiting police coaches, of the relish with which many police officers set about demonstrators with boots, truncheons and riot shields. Such statements are backed up by the quite horrifying nature of the injuries to large numbers of demonstrators, by an unpublished report of the Commission for Racial Equality, and by the findings so far of the independent inquiry being conducted by the National Council for Civil Liberties.

The response of the police and the Home Office to these allegations seems almost calculated to confirm them and increase suspicion that there is something to hide. The Home Office, through both Labour and Conservative Governments (a significant fact) has refused calls for a public inquiry from the General Council of the TUC, the National Executives of numerous unions (including Blair Peach's own union the NUT), 140 MPs and thousands of other organisations and individuals.

There is little to suggest that the investigations into the killing of Blair Peach will suffice



One of the 700 arrests on 23 April

Camera Press

instead of a public inquiry. They are being carried out by the A10 division of the Metropolitan Police, which is responsible for complaints against the police. The police say they are anxious to maintain public confidence in 'internal police enquiries', but a failure to prosecute anyone for the killing of Blair Peach should discredit the procedure quite considerably.

NUMEROUS EYE-WITNESSES saw Blair Peach, who was not indulging in any violent activity, struck down by a policeman and subsequently forced to stagger across the street to the garden of a local resident. The report of the independent pathologist states that he died as the result of a single, extremely violent blow to the head which crushed his skull without perforating the skin. The weapon used was a weighted cosh or something similar (and not unlike the weapon that killed Kevin Gately). The police have confirmed that the report does not differ in substance from that of the official pathologist; that enquiries have been narrowed down to six members of the Special Patrol Group; and that coshes have been discovered in lockers belonging to unidentified members of the SPG.

So it seems to have become a question only of the identity of the police officer concerned. There have been identity parades, but the lapse of time since April, the obvious confusion of the events, the shock of those involved and the difficulty of distinguishing individuals in uniform make the task of eye-witnesses a difficult one. Nevertheless most of the eye-witnesses were police officers and many are members of the Special Patrol Group. If Sir David McNee is to be believed, SPG members are carefully selected for their ability to keep a cool head in a difficult situation.

So why is there no prosecution? Whoever went to Southall with a cosh of the sort that killed Blair Peach obviously intended to cause serious injury, if not death. And whoever delivered a blow of such immense force with such a weapon surely intended to kill. There is only a limited number of charges that

could possibly apply in such a case.

The sort of defence that would need to be mounted would probably entail some version of 'justifiable homicide'. To establish this, current practices, methods of training and operational objectives of the SPG would have to be examined publicly. More specifically, the orders that were given and the identity of those who gave them in Southall might be revealed. This would add fuel to the campaign to disband the SPG and similar groups in other major cities. Already the TUC has called for the SPG to be disbanded, but Sir David McNee has used every opportunity to defend it. He has accused the movers of the TUC motion of 'irresponsibility', and he turned to a black journalist at a press conference after Southall to utter the now infamous words: 'If you keep off the streets and behave yourselves you won't have the SPG to worry about'. In addition, the government, the Home Office and the police appear determined to preserve the secrecy which has so far surrounded police intentions in Southall. Not least among their reasons may be the effect that 'leaks' could have on the trials currently taking place in Barnet.

AS THESE PROGRESS, it is becoming quite clear that the trials represent the legal equivalent of police action in Southall on 23 April: that is, a more or less direct assault on the rights of the black community. In one case, seven defence witnesses, including an ambulance man and a doctor, were considered insufficient evidence in the face of the testimony of a single police officer. In many cases, the police seemed hardly to have bothered to prepare proper evidence, so confident were they of achieving a satisfactory result.

Justifying his preference for police evidence, stipendiary magistrate Mr Brian Canham explained that police officers were 'trained and disciplined' like soldiers: 'It falls on the shoulders of a responsible man to note a situation responsibly'; people 'who came along to shout and demonstrate' were less able to do so, he said. Last week Mr Canham astounded lawyers and onlookers in the court by binding over two witnesses for £100 each, for a year. There were no charges against them, but Mr Canham said he was satisfied they had been members of 'that hostile crowd, and coming to court to excuse such behaviour justifies my binding you over'. The conviction rate in the last fortnight has been 91 per cent: this might be compared with the average conviction rate for charges of indictable assault in magistrates' courts - 52 per cent.

If the police are, quite literally, to get away with murder, and if the Southall trials continue unchecked, then the consequences are clear enough. In the first place, the public will be expected to have confidence in normal police procedures and 'internal enquiries'. Secondly, what happened in Southall will have been officially established as unexceptional. We must therefore expect it to be repeated with increasing frequency. More and more, the reality of what happens in black communities, on picket lines and demonstrations, in prison cells and police stations, will become divorced from the image presented by the Government and repeated by the media.

Police brutality: keeping it in the family

Howard Sharron writes: The dispatch to Merseyside of a high ranking officer, Asst. Chief Constable David Gerty from the West Midlands, to investigate events surrounding the death of Jimmy Kelly, comes at a time when the West Midlands Police Force is itself facing mounting public criticism. Inquiries into racist attacks and police malpractice have been held during the last month in West Bromwich, Walsall and Birmingham, involving groups as diverse as the Indian Workers' Association and the Church of England. In all three towns evidence is being compiled on allegations ranging from police indifference to the problems of the black community, to active police racism and violence.

In West Bromwich black groups have organised an inquiry, well-attended demonstrations, and pickets outside the West Bromwich County Court to protest at the arrest, in extremely bizarre circumstances, of eight young West Indians. Witnesses allege that on 23 July 50 to 60 police, including the SPG with guns and dogs, physically broke up a party at 100 Beeches Road attended by 14-22 year olds celebrating Haile Selassie's birthday. Before the operation police visited the party twice - once to ask for the music to be turned down and then to look for 'a man in a white shirt'. Both requests were complied with. The eight youths arrested claim they were beaten in prison and then charged with assaulting the police. Two black organisations, Afro-Carrib and Tolunka, are now demanding a formal public inquiry on their evidence. Police have neither confirmed nor denied that guns were used.

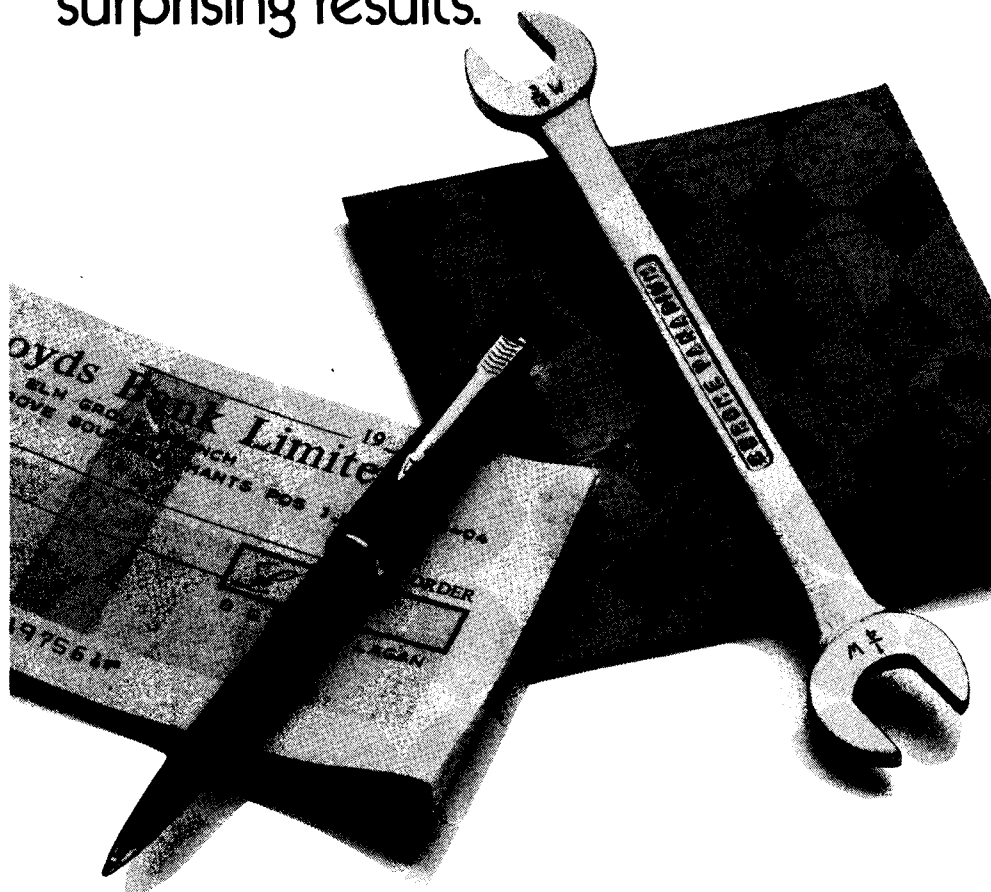
A report by Walsall Community Relations Council on a series of assaults in the town centre on black youths by whites is known to be highly critical of the police. It lists allegations that police stood by and allowed a black youth to be attacked, and that one black was beaten in prison and on the way to Walsall police station. Damning evidence has also come from a local vicar, the Reverend Argyle, a former barrister. Challenging police claims that they prevented an escalation of violence on 12 April by detaining a group of whites on their way from Beechdale council estate to the scene of the trouble, he has compiled statements which claim that a large number of police, not all from Walsall, made a series of indiscriminate arrests with unwarranted force. The majority of those detained were attending a private anniversary on the estate and all claim they were beaten - including a pregnant woman and a man with defective eyesight who was subsequently hospitalised for two days. A sergeant at the scene of the arrests was heard to say: 'There are no blacks in town tonight so you lot are unlucky'. Two of the victims, Roger Haynes and Steve Dolan, have made formal complaints about the police.

In Birmingham an inquiry followed an incident on 28 April when a gang of white youths threatened the Norrdin family, saying in front of two policemen that they intended to 'get' the family later that evening. Despite prior knowledge police failed to turn up when the youths, armed with knives and iron bars, attacked the Asian family home in Parkfield Road. When the police eventually arrived two Asians were threatened with arrest for obstruction after they complained about lack of protection. A further 11 people have come forward with similar complaints. The response of the police to the organisation of the inquiry was immediate. They visited potential complainants asking them not to attend the inquiry and immediately set up a community liaison committee which, to date, has only discussed cricket. Otherwise, the committee of inquiry say, nothing has changed and they are continuing to record cases of police hostility.

West Midland Chief Constable, Mr Phillip Knights, might well be advised to arrange an exchange visit with a high ranking officer from Merseyside to investigate his own force - just to keep it all in the family.

IS CLASS DISTINCTION SO DISTINCT?

Graham Turner investigates today's fast-changing social attitudes - with surprising results.



Are we as socially immobile as our critics tell us, or is class no longer relevant?

Graham Turner has talked to both management and shopfloor across the country. His findings will jolt long-held views.

Read the first part of "Class of '79" in this week's Sunday Telegraph.

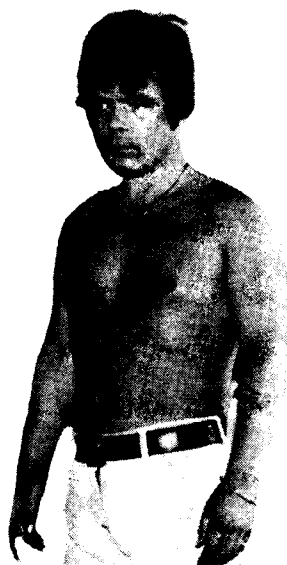
Sunday Telegraph

With Telegraph Sunday Magazine

A tale of adversary justice

TONY BURKE is a young Merseysider (married, with three children) who is serving life for murder. The evidence which **ROB ROHRER** presents here suggests that he has been the victim of a classic miscarriage of justice – one which exposes a major flaw in the working of the legal system, and does much to justify the slogans (**FREE TONY BURKE NOW**) spreading across Liverpool's dockland.

Burke used to be a part-time bouncer in a night-club, known as a quiet man in a rough game. Last June, a young man died after being beaten-up at the club. No prosecution witness saw Burke take part in the attack – clearly started by others – and several thought he was trying to stop it. He was convicted largely on the evidence of a Home Office scientist, who said that certain bloodstains could be explained by 'no single action' except Burke's having kicked the victim. Since then the scientist has admitted surprise that he was not more closely cross-examined, and conceded that he cannot 'come out strongly one way or the other' on whether the bloodstains were acquired offensively or defensively.



There is also available:

- A witness who saw the early stages of the fight in more detail than any other, and is emphatic that Burke was trying to stop it;

- The only witness who saw the worst stage of the fight, and clearly saw Burke pulling one attacker off the victim.

Such evidence, if accepted, would set Burke free. But as the law stands, it cannot be presented to a court, because it is not 'fresh' evidence. It is evidence which was excluded from Burke's original defence by the tactical decisions and advice of his counsel, Montague Dovener QC – who persuaded an uneasy Burke to call no witnesses, and avoid going into the box with his own straightforward story. Burke now believes his case was mishandled, and there is certainly ground for thinking that Mr Dovener – who had to take it on at a few days' notice – was confused about important aspects of the evidence.

But the principle of barrister's immunity – one unique among the professions – means that evidence once excluded on counsel's advice is excluded forever. Later this month, with a new defence team, Tony Burke's case goes to the Appeal Court, and even without the 'missing' defence evidence, his plea may succeed on the grounds that the prosecution evidence was never sufficient for conviction. If so, the legal system will be free of an embarrassment – if not, the campaign to free Burke will continue. Whatever happens, his case demonstrates the ill-effects of setting barristers themselves above the law and provides a chilling example of the rough justice now handed out in our over-strained criminal courts.

AROUND MIDNIGHT on 25 June last year Roy Phillips, an unemployed barman aged 36, arrived with a friend at the Bar Royal night-club in Liverpool. Phillips was a homosexual: the Bar Royal, known as 'Sadie's', is popular among the gay community. The building is an ex-warehouse in a backstreet lined with neon club signs on one side, and commercial refuse on the other. Here Tony Burke – not himself a gay – worked weekend nights as a bouncer, to supplement takings from his dockland vegetable stall.

Burke says that Phillips did not pay the 25p entrance fee normally pocketed by the doormen – the usual custom with regulars. He left Sadie's one-and-a-half hours later, dying: nose fractured, his entire face grossly bruised and cut, eyes closed, larynx bone broken, two ribs broken, abdominal muscles torn, groin, thighs and left testicle severely bruised. The pathologist's report found that Phillips' heart and lungs failed, following brain damage caused by anoxia. He had choked on his own blood.

The police, arriving swiftly, detained scores of customers and staff – including Tony Burke. They soon established a detailed account of the savage beating Phillips suffered, and the identities of two attackers. These were Carl Williams, 21, unemployed, and Pat McDonnell, a former bouncer at a gay pub called the Bear's Paw. McDonnell is Burke's second cousin. By the time the police arrived, both these men had vanished.

The motive remained obscure. Five months later, the only inkling came through a prosecution innuendo that Williams was McDonnell's 'girl-friend', and Phillips had provoked jealousy by asking for a telephone number.

An especially thorough account came from Thomas Houghton, a young deaf mute who



Tony Burke's wife Pauline with their three children (left to right) Natalie, Stephen and Tony.

had been just beside the club exit. He described Williams and McDonnell, and told how they set upon Phillips and dragged him towards the exit: all three staggering through into the tiny foyer between the street entrance and the clubroom. Then:

The man who was being beaten up was on the floor and appeared to be unconscious. The door kept being pushed open by this fighting. The man Pat was really kicking him hard and the man Carl kicked him in the balls. The man Pat appeared to be trying to squash the man's head by stamping on him. I did not see the doorman (Burke) hit the injured man.

A string of witnesses identified Williams and McDonnell as the attackers, and none saw Burke deliver any blows. Kevin Maloney said:

Tony Burke the doorman tried to stop them. I saw Tony push the three of them outside.

But the police questioning of Burke, beginning on the Monday night after Sunday's attack, did not reflect this line of evidence at all. Detective-Sergeant George Dafnis said to Burke that witnesses had seen him taking an active part in beating Phillips.

Burke: I was trying to break it up and get them outside.

Dafnis: They say the three of you were seen to be dragging Phillips out of the club.

Burke: I was trying to bundle them all out. I was just doing my job.

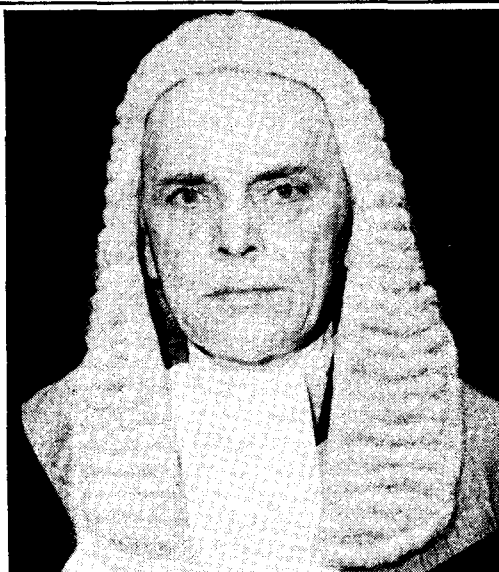
Dafnis: You all finished up in the entrance. What happened in there?

Burke: The other two went berserk. I couldn't stop them. The two of them were stamping and booting Roy. I tried to pull them off, but I couldn't. It was terrible. They were animals.

Tony Burke, although physically hard, is only 5ft 4in: unusually light as bouncers go. On the following day Burke, who had spent 24 hours in police custody with only a blanket to keep him warm, was seen by Inspector Ivor Bridges and told that, Phillips having died in hospital, the case was a murder inquiry. More than one witness, the inspector said, claimed to have seen Burke attacking the dead man. When Carl Williams was eventually caught, the same officer said that witnesses had seen 'you and Pat (McDonnell) and Burke (emphasis added) fighting with Phillips'.

Nothing has since been heard of these witnesses. One or two people did think Burke was helping bundle Phillips out of the club; they were far outnumbered by those who thought, like Houghton, that Burke was trying to stop the fight or to get all three men out of Sadie's. The early depositions contain no evidence that Burke was actively attacking Phillips.

LOCAL HEADLINES proclaimed a 'club-land wall of silence', but there were plenty of



From left to right: Judge Sandy Temple, who refused an application to postpone the trial; Mr Justice Smith, the trial judge and David McNeill QC, the prosecution counsel, who did his job with adversary rigour.

witnesses, some coming forward voluntarily. Glynis Jones, a 21-year-old Age Concern social worker, contacted the police after hearing that a man was critically ill in hospital. She had arrived at Sadie's with her boyfriend (a first visit, inspired by curiosity) around 12.30 a.m. and paid an admission fee to the doorman:

He was dressed in an evening suit and was short and stocky. We sat down at a table near to the dance floor. I had a very clear view of the door leading into the club.

Later (her boyfriend was away from the table) there was an argument, leading swiftly to blows. She saw a fair-haired man (resembling Carl Williams) punch another in the stomach: they wrestled, and a third man became involved.

While they were struggling I saw a man in an evening suit who I am fairly certain was the man on the door rush over to the men... he went in with some degree of force and dived among the group of men shouting: 'Cut it out, stop it!'

The doorman was definitely trying to stop the trouble and prevent them from fighting. He kept trying for about two minutes, but the men were tightly grouped together and he could not even get in amongst them. Eventually... he opened the door leading to the alcove a little wider... and he used his body to push the group of men through the door.

He had one hand on the door and his other hand was sometimes on the wall or around the bodies of the struggling men. He was really pushing very hard to get them out of the club, and this took several minutes. The doorman went with the men... all in one movement into the alcove.

Glynis Jones' account was particularly coherent and explicit, and above all it was independent because she was not a regular at Sadie's. Her initial statement to the police varied in only one detail from a later one given to Tony Burke's solicitors: she had at first thought six or seven men might have been involved overall, but on reflection felt that it could not have been more than four or five.

Another volunteer witness was Frank Grue, a 21-year-old fork-lift driver, making his first visit to another club not far from Sadie's. While waiting for a cab, he saw in the Bar Royal doorway a man dressed like a bouncer, with his arm across the door trying to hold back two others. These, from Grue's description, appear to have been Williams and McDonnell.

ON THE WEDNESDAY after the brawl, while the police hunted for Williams and McDonnell, Tony Burke appeared in court, charged with murder. His lawyers appealed for a youth named 'Derek', supposedly a witness of the fight, to come forward and 'Derek', a 16-year-old homosexual, did so as soon as he saw the newsbills.⁽¹⁾ He contacted the police, but they seemed little interested, making him feel 'a real fool'. But Derek clearly had seen part of the fight inside Sadie's:

I was asking the DJ for a record and... heard Tony Burke shouting. He was saying something like 'Come on, leave him alone, enough's enough.'... The door must have been knocked open and held open for about half a minute, then it swung back. I saw Tony Burke getting one fellow off. To be honest I couldn't see whether they were kicking or punching Roy Phillips.

It was reasonable enough that the police should have held Burke. His trousers were bloodstained. He admitted sluicing blood off the foyer and the steps. He agreed he had advised Williams and McDonnell to bolt, and that when first questioned he refused to identify the attackers. 'I can't tell you their names', he said, 'they'll kill me'. But when the names were put to him, he confirmed them, and in every other respect his account has remained unchanged. He asked a customer to call an ambulance, and began telling customers to drink up and leave. He swilled away the blood - when he did not realise Phillips was dying - because 'I didn't want to get the club into trouble', a fairly credible explanation. Burke did not change out of his bloodstained clothes, or try to leave the club.

He is convinced he knows the reason why the police charged him, in the face of so much evidence. 'While I was in the cells, one jack (detective) came in and told me: "Don't worry, Tony, you're only the carrot to catch the donkey".' In other words, it was hoped that McDonnell would give himself up on discovering that his cousin was charged with murder.

In cities like Liverpool the sale of alcohol in the early hours is a jealously-guarded activity carried on behind heavy doors, grilles and peepholes. Each club has its brawny protectors in evening dress, with the bulge of a

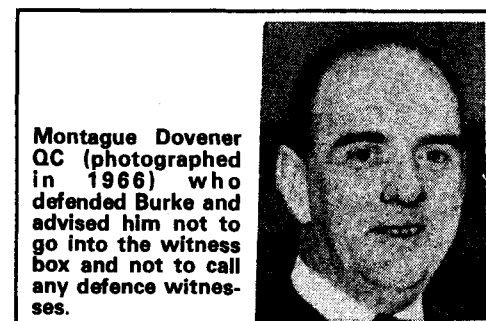
(1) Derek has expressed his willingness to appear as a witness but for the time being wishes his full name to be withheld.

concealed cosh or knuckleduster here and there, and a disturbing toll of death and injury has confirmed, over the past 12 months, a public suspicion that those who enforce the twilight law of clubland are a distinctly violent breed. Burke had worked at Sadie's for nearly five years: stability, in such an occupation. Though rugged, he was known as a quiet man: unusual among bouncers for doing three times a week the 5 a.m. run to keep his green-grocery stall supplied.

But last year Liverpool's blackest headlines concerned bouncers: in the 'Chicago' trial a group of them faced allegations that they had tried to chop off a man's feet with an axe, and had brandished shotguns on a raid into the suburbs. The full 'Chicago' trial ended, without conviction, just three weeks before Burke's began, and feelings still ran high.

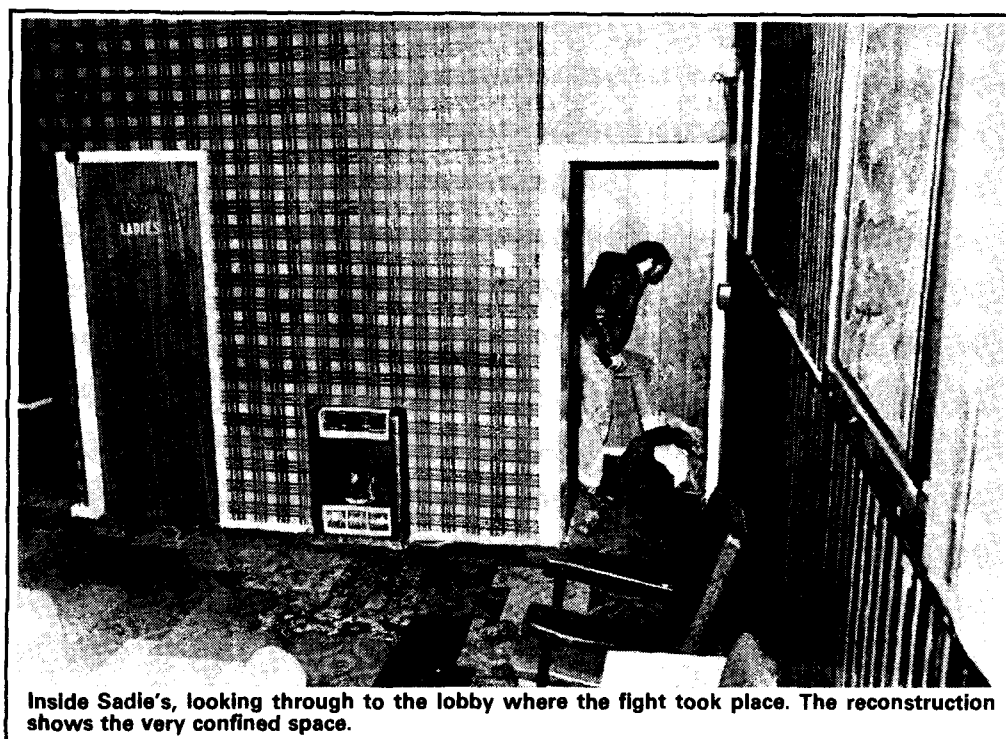
With only a fortnight to go, Burke learned that the QC and junior barrister who had been working on his case were otherwise engaged. Judge Sandy Temple, Liverpool's Recorder, refused an application to postpone the trial. Barristers, of course, are insistent that they can swiftly grasp the kernel of any case: something defendants like Burke find difficult to credit.

Meanwhile the Director of Public Prosecutions was increasing the difficulties of the defence. Six days before trial, Burke's solicitors received from the DPP two bundles of statements which had been taken by the police but excluded from the prosecution case. 'On the advice of counsel', said a covering letter, four other statements had been held back. One was from 'Derek', whom the defence had anyway tracked down themselves. But the other was from Glynis Jones, the social worker, whose identity was still unknown to Burke's lawyers.



Montague Dovener QC (photographed in 1966) who defended Burke and advised him not to go into the witness box and not to call any defence witnesses.

Bob Bird



Andrew Minnion

Defence resources, restricted by legal aid and the limited manpower of solicitors' offices, are rarely a match for the prosecution, backed by experienced detectives and government laboratories. In Burke's case, the defence was especially vulnerable because of the itinerant lives of many of the witnesses – young homosexuals, drifting in search of friendship and employment. (Only months after the trial did the defence manage to track down one of the four whose statements were withheld).

The prosecution in Burke's case was led by David McNeill QC, formerly chairman of the Bar (and now a High Court judge). They followed the usually understood obligation to furnish names and addresses of all those whose statements were withheld, but it may be wondered whether so stern an application of adversary rules to a hard-pressed defence came within the spirit of the guide *Conduct and Etiquette at the Bar*, prepared with the consent of the General Council of the Bar:

Crown counsel is . . . a 'Minister of Justice'; his function is to assist the jury in arriving at the truth. He must not . . . try to shut out any legal evidence that would be important to the interests of the person accused. It is not his duty to obtain a conviction by all means . . .

Lord Denning has put the prosecutor's obligation to the defence quite unequivocally:

The duty of a prosecution counsel or solicitor . . . is this: if he knows of a credible witness who can speak to material facts which tend to show the prisoner to be innocent he must either call that witness himself or make his statement available to the defence.

CARL WILLIAMS, but not McDonnell (still missing) shared the dock with Burke. A string of prosecution witnesses repeated that Burke had been trying to stop the fight, producing only one glimmer of material adverse to him. Disc jockey Billy Veldon had gone to the foyer door and been told by Burke: 'It's all right. Close the door.' Burke had explained to the police that he 'didn't want the other customers to get involved'.

Clearly, the prosecution depended heavily on forensic examination of Burke's bloody clothing and the opinion of Dr Eric Moore, a Home Office scientist, seemed unequivocal. Three months before the trial he reported that

the bloodstains were 'consistent with the wearer . . . having kicked the head of Roy Phillips using the left foot'. Burke's left shoe carried spots and smears of blood, and in one patch there was a centimetre-length of hair similar to Phillips'. Burke's trousers revealed fibres 'microscopically indistinguishable' from those of Phillips' suit. Following a visit from Merseyside police, Dr Moore strengthened his conclusion, saying: 'I am of the opinion that kicking is the only single action which could have caused these findings.'

There were spots and splashes of blood on the shoe, Dr Moore told the court, and similar marks on the lower front leg of the trousers. Many of the splashes were horizontal, he said, repeating that kicking was the only 'single action' possibly responsible. What about several, separate actions? he was asked:

Well, the drops could have got onto the shoe merely by physical presence, rather than by physical attacking . . . Standing there in that small foyer could account for the spots, but not for the smears.

Could they have resulted simply from contact with the dead man?

The hair is on the top of the shoe. Had the wearer of the shoe been standing with his left shoe near to the man being kicked then it is possible that that could have accounted for what I found. But he would have to be standing quite close to the man . . .

He could scarcely have been doing otherwise. Williams and McDonnell had by all accounts 'gone berserk', and Burke had been sandwiched with them and Phillips, who was streaming blood, in a 4ft by 5ft foyer, whose walls the police found splashed with blood.

Some doubt was thrown in court on the forensic evidence and the 'single action' theory, but it could easily have been amplified. Dr Moore has since admitted that he expected a further, important question which actually was not asked. Why was only the *left* shoe bloodstained? Would not the Home Office expert agree that Burke, a right-footed man, would be unlikely to make a deliberate attack with his left?

And another piece of evidence was handled by omission. Burke, when arrested, had three

rings on his hands, and the police returned these to Burke's mother without having done any forensic tests – presumably because there was no grossly-visible blood, skin or fibre. Two rings were on his right hand but the court did not discuss the implausibility of a right-hander making a homicidal attack without the use of either fist or foot upon his stronger side.

Only in passing did the jury hear about the inconclusiveness of hair comparisons. The hair on Burke's shoe was indeed 'similar' to Phillips'. But an independent forensic report, available to the defence, showed that it could also have come from Carl Williams, shown to be heavily implicated at every stage of the fracas. This evidence was not called.

So the case against Burke, finally, at last November's trial, was that during some three minutes in the foyer, he was supposed to have delivered a few sadistic kicks at Phillips, using his *left* foot, and managing to time them so as to not be seen by the disc jockey, the deaf-mute Houghton, or the young homosexual Derek, all of whom saw some part of what was happening. The evidence for such kicking came only from forensic analysis, which was never more than narrow, and might have been shot through-and-through by a more vigorous defence. What is truly remarkable is the speed with which the forensic case collapses when submitted to a measure of post-trial probing: on 27 June this year Dr Moore, in a telephone interview, said on the matter of whether Burke had kicked Phillips that there was 'no way I can come out strongly one way or the other'.

'I am not saying that kicking has taken place,' he adds, 'I told them there were other possibilities but that kicking seemed from the purely common sense point of view the more likely.' These other possibilities, postulates Dr Moore, could have arisen if Burke had stood within *three feet* (our emphasis) facing the head of the person kicked. Other splashes of blood on Burke's trousers arrived there innocently according to Dr Moore's findings. To cap it all he readily admits that his evidence, in his own opinion, was not certain enough to put the accused's guilt 'beyond reasonable doubt'.

THE PROSECUTION completed in two days. On the third morning Burke spent an anxious 15 minutes in the cells, conferring with Montague Dovener QC, who had hastily assumed leadership of the defence a few days earlier. Their acquaintance had been confined to an hour's pre-case conference. Now Dovener wanted Burke to agree a change of plan:

The case was going well, Dovener told me, and he was going to make a submission to the judge. He said to me: 'We won't produce your witnesses and we don't want you to give evidence.' I objected about three or four times but he was very persuasive.

Burke, in common with many others who pass through the courts, had very little option and very little time. Despite his fear that the jury would think he had 'something to hide', he was soon up in the dock, having agreed to a decision which meant that the impressive evidence of Derek, and of Glynis Jones – finally tracked down by the defence – would go unheard.

It would not be safe, argued Dovener, to let the case go to a verdict and Mr Justice Smith readily agreed that all the eyewitnesses had portrayed Burke as trying to stop the fight,

eject the troublemakers, or both. Contending otherwise, the prosecution relied heavily on circumstantial trimmings.

It had been established that Burke owned a knuckleduster, which he had tried to conceal. It was, agreed prosecutor McNeill, clean of blood, but attempted concealment suggested that Burke was 'concerned in what went on in the foyer.' McNeill dwelt on Burke's 'tipping off' the other two, and his initial attempt to conceal their identities.

Having heard Dovener's objection to the forensic evidence, Judge Smith rejected the submission, saying:

I am afraid I disagree. There is material for the jury to evaluate.

The authoritative text on criminal proceedings, *Archbold*, says that a judge's duty is not only to consider whether there is some scintilla of evidence which in law *could* go to the jury, but also 'whether it would be safe for the jury to convict on the evidence as it then stands'. There must be no question of guesswork between equally likely explanations, for guilt must be put 'beyond reasonable doubt' in the minds of the jury.

In Burke's case the jury were presented with a 'more likely' explanation by the forensic expert. Dr Moore, however, knew little of the extensive evidence of Burke's role as peacemaker. This, and the confined space in which the wild struggle took place, obviously has an important bearing on any explanation which rested, according to Dr Moore, on common sense. So even if the jury had balanced the forensic opinion against what they knew, from witnesses, had led up to the blood landing on Burke's shoe, they were left to choose between equally likely explanations. The only way they could resolve this was to guess.

Perhaps Mr Dovener was right, and Judge Smith wrong, about whether the jury had evidence worthy of evaluation – this point, at least, will be tested soon in the Appeal Court. But once Dovener had lost the submission, why did he stick to the decision to call no witnesses? In his own words, he had made clear where the decisive ground of the case now lay:

Up until they go into the foyer every single witness... says he was trying to stop them. There was only one single witness who saw it outside. Mr Grue, and he said Burke was trying to stop them. Is it at all realistic to say that the moment he got into the foyer... he had a complete change of heart and tried to assist them to murder this man?

Why did he not call Derek, the witness whose evidence best answered the speculation at the heart of the prosecution case? He had seen Burke *continuing* inside the foyer his efforts to stop the attack: eight months after making his statement to the defence solicitors Derek gave, unaided by notes, an account which is perfectly consistent with what he said before.

Throughout the trial Burke's family pressed to have Derek and Glynis Jones called, only deferring reluctantly to the lawyers' contrary judgment. Since Burke's imprisonment, Dovener has, in explanation, claimed inexplicably that neither witness offered more than a marginal advantage to the defence. If Derek's youth and homosexuality might have counted against him, this was no more true than it was of several prosecution witnesses: and Glynis Jones' background (and detailed evidence) made an ideal counterpoint.

KEEPING HIS CLIENT out of the witness-box was also a mysterious decision: it is a dangerous tactic, rarely pressed on a man like Tony Burke, who has a reasonably straightforward and consistent story to tell. Some justification for Dovener's advice derives from the Criminal Evidence Act, 1898, which says that a man who challenges the character of his co-defendant may be challenged on his own, and on his 'form', if any.

Burke's story was that he was trying to prevent a vicious attack by McDonnell and Williams: under the 'tit for tat' rule, Williams' counsel would have been free to reveal that Burke had a conviction for wounding with intent. But it was 9½ years old at the time of the trial (attacked by three youths, Burke admitted having used a knife, and received a borstal sentence). There having been no subsequent trouble, a skilful advocate ought to have been able to minimise any damage – specifically, the evidence goes only to credibility, and the prosecution may not argue 'once violent, always violent'.

But Dovener apparently had other, and odder reasons as well. In the pre-trial conference Burke told the lawyers, quite truthfully, that he ended up in the street with Phillips, the victim. Having helped prop Phillips against a wall, he then laid him on his side to assist his breathing. Dovener made it clear that Burke would be asking for trouble in saying this, since there was other evidence of Phillips having been attacked in the street and the jury might think Burke responsible. It was a curious fear: Mrs Janet Grue⁽²⁾ had indeed seen a man, aged about 50 and balding, walk up to Phillips as he lay on the pavement and kick him in the face. The description did not at all fit Burke.

According to Burke's recollection of the conference, Dovener said: 'You may think you were in the street, but none of the witnesses say you were in the street.' Burke thought his QC was hinting that he should not admit to having been in the street – confusing, because there was no doubt that Burke had been in the street. He remembered a marked contrast between Dovener's approach and that of his original QC:

Dovener was saying: 'Right, this is the way we'll do it'. The other fellow was more interested in what actually happened.

Dovener has also subsequently revealed that he believed that the defence's independent forensic expert (Dr Julius Grant) had reported that the bloodstains on Burke's trousers must have been caused by the wearer standing astride the victim while he was being kicked. And Dovener thought that Burke was determined to tell the jury that he *never* stood astride Roy Phillips.

Dovener's confusion could hardly be more striking. Dr Grant actually said that the bloodstains *could not* have been caused by standing astride Phillips. And anyway, Burke had insisted from the first that during part of the *melée* in the foyer he *did* stand astride Phillips in a vain effort to protect him.

THERE IS, in short, considerable reason to think that Tony Burke's counsel chose intrinsically risky tactics on the basis of a shaky appreciation of the case. (The new defence team, of course, had little time, and were not helped by the adversary rigour of the prosecution.) But when Burke went unhappily along

(2) Who has since died.

with Dovener's advice, he did not realise that by offering no defence he faced a double peril.

At his appeal – due to be heard later this month – it is unlikely that the witnesses who could clear his name will be allowed to give evidence. Under the 1968 Criminal Appeal Act, only *fresh* evidence can be considered. And one of the tests, strictly applied by the judges, is whether the evidence was available, or could with 'reasonable diligence' have been obtained for the initial trial. But can Burke claim that there was any failure of 'reasonable diligence' in his defence? Where evidence was either not fully analysed, or not put in at all, this was due to tactical decisions by his QC, Montague Dovener. And it remains a principle of English law that a barrister – alone among professional men – is immune from any allegation of negligence, or lack of diligence, in the conduct of a court case and the handling of any associated paperwork.

Originally, the principle rested on the pretence that a barrister's fee was a mere honorarium, produced voluntarily by a grateful client. No contract, ran the argument, meant no chance for the barrister to sue if being bilked: by the same argument, there could be no contract to render services of a particular quality.

In 1969 this antique reasoning was pensioned off, and barrister's immunity was given a fresh foundation in the case of *Rondel v Worsley*. Norbert Fred Rondel was a rent collector for the slum landlord Peter Rachman, and in 1959 he was charged with causing grievous bodily harm during a fight in a Rachman house. He was found guilty, and got 18 months, but claimed that this was because

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Editor: Sherri Clarkson

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A Liverpool Council workman cleans the offending slogan from the dock walls.

Andrew Minnion

his counsel, Michael Worsley (now an editor of *Archbold*) failed to call important witnesses, and did not cross-examine others properly. A succession of judges revealed distaste for Rondel's do-it-yourself civil negligence action against Worsley, but acknowledged that it raised an important principle.

In the Court of Appeal, Lord Denning decided that public policy required barristers to have immunity for their work. A barrister was a minister of justice, owing allegiance to the court as well as the client: in order to perform this duty fearlessly, he must be safeguarded from vexatious actions. Further, convicted criminals must be prevented from getting re-runs of their cases in front of the civil courts.

As *The Times* quietly remarked on the *Rondel v Worsley* decision, if a man was innocent when pronounced guilty under the process of criminal law, it 'would not seem too bad a thing' if he should establish his innocence through the civil law. The Appeal Court was told not be surprised if the decision provoked 'a murmur that the law knows how to look after its own'.

The paradox that the judges have not since been able to explain away is that solicitors, who enjoy no special immunity, have to face precisely the same hazards and duties as barristers. They also must tread carefully between client's instructions and duty to the court. Yet the liability of solicitors to allegations of negligence has not caused any great commotion in the courts, nor any infinite regress of cases in which rightful convictions are attacked.

LAST YEAR, the House of Lords trimmed the barristers' immunity a fraction. In *Saif Ali*

v Mitchell an anonymous barrister was included as a third party because he had persuaded Saif Ali not to pursue until too late an 'impregnable' damages claim. Upholding the principle of immunity, the Lords said that it only covered work intimately connected with the conduct of a case in court. Lord Diplock acknowledged that the Lords were 'granting to the Bar a privileged status which the common law does not accord to the members of any other profession or skilled craft'. He regretted that there had not been a more radical submission on the subject, but one of his colleagues, Lord Wilberforce, felt that the privilege was important enough to over-ride another basic principle:

Some immunity is essential, even if, in some rare cases, an individual may suffer loss.

More usually, it has been said that it is better for a guilty man to go free than for an innocent man to be convicted. There are times when the losses are measured in the long years of a life sentence, and there is no shortage of agitators who would like to see the death penalty returned.

By itself, the removal of immunity would be a relatively minor reform. In Tony Burke's case, the ability to launch an action against his counsel might do no more than embarrass the courts into giving a full hearing to his remarkably complete defence – certainly neither Burke nor his family are anxious to pursue Mr Dovener specifically. But what makes the immunity so intolerable is that appellants are told again and again by the Court of Appeal that witnesses cannot be heard because – on the advice of counsel – they were excluded from the original trial. It is a harsh court that makes an accused bear the consequence of his legal advice without examining how well-

founded that advice may have been.

In the Burke case, there is no lack of other disturbing features. Should the police be left with so much initiative in bringing a prosecution? Is it time forensic reports were more thoroughly appraised by the Director of Public Prosecutions? Is it any longer acceptable for the prosecution to withhold statements which point towards a defendant's innocence? Do the courts pay only lip service to the idea that a prisoner is entitled to a choice of counsel, and a choice of advice?

But the central point is this: that in the Burke case there was nothing much out of the ordinary except the clarity of the plainly erroneous result. As anyone familiar with the courts is aware, case after case is presented, under a cloak of immunity, by barristers who have not, in the nature of the system, had time to become familiar with the evidence. It is only mythology which suggests that the barrister's mind is capable of unravelling in an hour or two complexities which other intelligent investigators need serious amounts of time to grapple with.

It is, of course, an inadequate court system, rather than individual barristers, which is at fault. But so long as the Bar, the most influential part of the system, is immune from the problems that it causes, so long will the pressure for reform be ineffective.

The least embarrassing result for the machinery of justice – and the most agreeable for Tony Burke – will be for his appeal to succeed on the narrow ground that Judge Smith should not have allowed the jury to bring a verdict. It seems inconceivable that Burke can be left to serve his life sentence, but the wider issue of the privileges of Britain's senior profession must not be forgotten.

Conference Diary

□ I suppose many delegates found Jim Callaghan's question and answer session on Tuesday a breath of fresh air. I fear I just saw it as an attempt by Jim to bypass the NEC and achieve that authority over the conference which he had over the Cabinet in government. Eric Heffer's stories about the NEC's ready capitulation at 2 o'clock in the morning just before the election, when Jim threatened to resign if anything about abolishing the House of Lords was included in the manifesto, just served to emphasise what a soft lot the Left are when faced with a determined manipulator. Jim batted well enough against hardly hostile bowling, and I suppose our supposedly extremist NEC have now granted him this roadshow in perpetuity. But some of his excuses were breathtaking. Like we couldn't have a Freedom of Information Act because there was no parliamentary majority. Come off it, Jim. You had all the Liberals, all the Nationalists and 40 or 50 Tories to support you on that. An early pledge to support Clement Freud's Bill might actually have seen you through to October. There were only two solid cells of opposition to freedom of information in Britain – one in the Home Office and one in the Cabinet Office, and Cabinet Office folk are now starting to tell me the opposition came from you, not them. Now perhaps they are not telling the truth. Without access to the papers, I can't tell. My children may be allowed to know in 2009. But to play the ingenu to the party faithful on this one is a bit much. Since I have the feeling we're going to have you there for the next decade or so, you really must try to do better next year.

□ Sentimental nostalgia is politically infectious. After Mrs Thatcher's 19th century entrepreneurial visions, David Steel's evocation of Gladstone and Tony Benn's reminders of Labour's heroic age in 1945, Eric Heffer, at the pre-conference rally, was quoting George Lansbury on trimmers and compromisers, while a hefty dose of Gaitskelliana was being served up on TV to the nation at large. It is tempting in troubled times to reach for the myth of a golden age when men were pure and heroic. Historically such myths have seldom proved helpful, and have almost invariably been linked to the Messiah syndrome: the need for an individual who alone can point the way back to paradise. Two thousand years ago ancient Rome was rife with prophecies of a golden age about to be restored, and at least four Roman emperors, together with Queen Cleopatra of Egypt, managed to convince themselves that they were Jesus Christ and their mission divinely inspired. If we are really going to have a leadership struggle candidates would be well advised to quell their messianic urges and define the future in terms of the present rather than the past. Callaghan as Moses did not turn out to be a particularly plausible election winner, and I cannot really see Tony Benn as Lord Stansgate doing much better.

□ The danger of fiddling about with methods of electing our leader, is that we thereby invest him with quite unnecessarily messianic importance. I have never seen why the Labour Party should not have a number of leaders – one elected by conference, another by the

PLP and perhaps someone else as Prime Minister. The Norwegians and the Germans do it this way, and some of our most successful local authorities work on a system of collective leadership. I have always felt that the party nationally can learn a lot from its local government organisation, where councillors have always been liable to reselection and manifestos are invariably drawn up by the local equivalent of the NEC without disaster striking Manchester or turning Sheffield into a Marxist state. But all too many members of the Labour establishment have long been infected by Whitehall contempt for local government. I was lecturing the other day at the Civil Service Staff College in deepest Berkshire to some Assistant Secretaries about open government, and commending our local government service as being far less politically corrupt and more loyal to democracy than their good selves. Expressing shock, horror and puzzlement, they muttered Poulson at me in unison. I had to point out that Mr Poulson corrupted rather more civil servants than local government officers and that it was Mr George Pottinger, a highly paid mandarin like themselves, who accompanied him to jail.

□ The Conservatives have always disliked the existence of Labour's power-base in local government: that is why in 1974 they had a manifesto pledge to abolish the rates. Now that has turned out to be too expensive, Heseltine is busy cooking up other ways of achieving the same objective – like funding each local authority with an individual quota and then penalising them pound for pound every time they raise the rates above the government norm – a sort of incomes policy for local councils, which would effectively destroy local government in Britain. The squires in the shires might not object too much, since they only want to cut expenditure anyway. More likely, confrontation will be pre-empted by the Left. The mantle of Clay Cross is a tempting one for those who want to prove that defiance of the public spending cuts is a political possibility: Ted Knight, the leader of Lambeth in London, was clearly heading in this direction, in his appeal to the conference for solidarity from other local councils with Lambeth's stated position of making no cuts at all. He got plenty of applause: but watching the stony faces of some of the northern council leaders in the audience – who have a vision of London as lushly provided for in the first place – I suspect that practical solidarity will be rather less generously forthcoming.

□ In my part of south east London, confrontation in the Health Service has started in earnest, with five Commissioners entering their third month now of making cuts, closing hospitals and generally doing their master's bidding in trying to save £5 million. The emergency legislation under which they were appointed envisages them in action for only a limited period – but they are already making expenditure plans for 1982 and beyond. Indeed they are well enough entrenched to have begun negotiating for fees with the DHSS. (The old, now suspended, Area Health Authority Members did not draw fees.) The Commissioners, appointed to save money, have already been offered £40 a day for their services (plus expenses). Though none of them is impoverished, they do not yet seem to have accepted this rate for the job.

When I went to see them the other day, they were full of complaints about how busy they were and how time-consuming all this consultation was: yet they are already being taken to court by Lewisham Council for not consulting the Community Health Council over the closure of St John's Hospital in Blackheath.

Last Saturday a demonstration of a thousand-odd Lewisham citizens marched to Blackheath to protest, and on 18 October a public meeting has been arranged so that they can face the citizens of Lewisham. Elected councillors and their officials are frequently asked to face the music in this way, and often enjoy it. But why five Tory-appointed gauleiters should voluntarily submit themselves to such treatment, I cannot imagine. Last time we met, they looked as worried a bunch of men (and a woman) as I have met for some time. I could not really see them sticking it out over a long hard winter. But on second thoughts, perhaps they will. As they put it to me, they are just doing their public duty. It is quite unthinkable, for instance, that Dr Templeman, the Vice-Chancellor of Kent University, took the job to help the DHSS 'take out' a teaching hospital from London by sending King's College Hospital to Canterbury; or that Sir John Prideaux, the former Chairman of St Thomas's, is there to protect that hospital, absurdly rebuilt as it was opposite parliament, miles from the population it serves but accidentally convenient for Harley Street; or that Sir Frank Hartley, the former Vice-Chancellor of London University, is there to preserve that University's stake in teaching.

□ Although I am probably now hooked each year on conference (like bank rate – never the definite article), I find myself increasingly on the wrong side of the great enthusiasm divide. The sheer emotional calorie power which some of the younger delegates hurl into denunciation of Mr Callaghan and all the evil deeds of the last Labour government makes me feel a mere impotent bystander as I sit there listening. Some of the passion seems real, but much quite phoney. My tentative conclusion is to attribute the presence of quite so much hot air in the Labour Party to the demise of our great theological institutions. A hundred years ago, these folk would have been at the pulpit rather than the rostrum and denouncing the actual devil, rather than his person incarnate in Mr Denis Healey.

Christopher Price

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

□ This week's interesting promotion of Mrs Elizabeth Butler-Sloss, sister of Sir Michael Havers, QC, the Attorney General, from Family Division registrar to High Court judge is being interpreted as evidence of Lord Hailsham's intention to diversify the channels of promotion. – *Daily Telegraph* (Phil Kelly)

□ Big Ben missed a note yesterday. Its chimes, which ring out every quarter of an hour, missed the first ding. Instead of going ding-dong-ding-dong, it went dong-ding-dong. Later the fault was repaired. – *Sunday Telegraph* (Philip Hutchings)

□ High cost of boat people to shipping – headline in *Financial Times* (Mary Blume)

Mr Whitelaw – some action, please

From Michael Meacher MP

The evidence now accumulating from a whole series of incidents of police violence can only be properly interpreted as uncovering a major national scandal which requires the fullest disclosure and full public debate on the reform of current regulations and procedures.

Apart from the NEW STATESMAN's own terrifying exposés of the activities of the Knowsley Police Division in Liverpool – not confined to the death of Jimmy Kelly, but involving extreme violence against the Yates family and Micky Cavanagh (NEW STATESMAN 14 September) and allegations of similar ill-treatment by 17 others (Daily Star 25 August) – there have been the deaths as a result of very severe injuries sustained while in police custody of Liddle Towers in February 1976 in Gateshead, Michael Mullen in April 1978 at Barnet, and James McGeown in November 1978 in Glasgow, to name but a few. The evidence is too extensive simply to reflect the known aggressiveness, acknowledged even within police circles, of the Northumbria, Merseyside and Northampton forces where, it is said, 'the police tend to defend themselves before they are attacked'.

Following a sworn allegation of a beating up of a constituent while in police custody, I put down a Parliamentary Question to the Home Secretary as a result of which, following a broadcast, I received a large postbag of letters alleging, often in carefully documented detail, similar episodes of violence in police station cells in different parts of the country. I am now collecting a dossier, and will shortly be submitting statements of some 150 cases to the Home Secretary, with a call for three specific actions by the Home Office.

One is that a public inquiry be set up under section 32 of the Police Act 1964, not simply into happenings on Merseyside, but into the wider causes of what is clearly a national phenomenon. Home Office figures show that during the years 1970-76 no less than 45 persons died while detained in police custody from non-natural causes, excluding suicide.

Two, the Home Secretary should set up, on an experimental basis in (say) half a dozen areas, a panel of visitors with right of access to police station cells for unannounced visits, or with minimum practical notice, to take statements from prisoners who have allegations to make of police violence against them, to seek to validate the truth or otherwise of such statements, and to make regular reports to the Home Secretary and the police authority for the area.

Three, to review the present powers of police committees, and to consider whether these should be extended in specific ways to achieve proper public accountability of the Chief Constable as an executive officer responsible to the committee as the makers of policy.

House of Commons

Laments for Russell Davies

From R. G. Rosenblum

I protest! I protest very strongly at the dropping of Russell Davies' sports column. As a long-time subscriber to your magazine over, I believe, a period of 3 editors, I have found that the introduction of his column was a great improvement. There was a veiled reference in the 7 September issue and an outright statement in that of 14 September that his marvellous column is to be dropped.

As an ex-international rugby player and a sporting fanatic, I purchase 3 other English newspapers (air mail editions) basically for their sporting pages, but I rate Mr Davies as being equal to the best and certainly his opinions are the most honest.

You must resurrect his column, and as an Australian (or is it now an ex-Australian) I am

disturbed that you have caught the English disease of living indoors and being concerned only with indoor activities. The great sporting outdoors are alive and well and living in Australia and I need to read Mr Davies. Put him back in!

Hellenic House, 251-253 Elizabeth Street, Sydney 2000, Australia

From Bill Greenwell, Anna Searle, Jeremy Wellens, Rob Bennett, Chris Jones and the Exeter NS contingent

In its grave is
The column of Russell Davies.
You must be bonkers:
He could be witty from cricket to conkers.
With the honourable exception (on his day) of
Frank Keating.

Who takes some beating,
The only sports writer who could hustle
Words was – Russell.
We don't know how to pronounce David Cate.
So is it – we ought?
It was his idea,
We fear.

Or was it you, Bruce,
Who cut our favourite loose?
We always turned first to his page.
He was our rage.

Now his absence is.

David Cate replies: Russell Davies was invited in July to write a monthly Sports column of greater length than his weekly one, but declined the offer. A weekly Sports column is a comparatively recent innovation and there is a strong case for making space for more specialised contributions such as Sam Ramsay's (NS 28 September).

A message for the Exeter cell: my name rhymes with stoat.

Nazi whitewash

From David Rose

I was very interested by Richard Verrall's letter (Letters 21 September) and would be even more interested to learn what he makes of the demographic fact that between 1939 and 1945 in occupied Europe, 12 million civilian lives were lost, six million of which were Jewish lives. Where does Mr Verrall suggest those mysteriously vanished six million people are now if the Nazis did not murder them? Perhaps they are hiding in the mass graves where millions of bodies are not really buried – is this a new tactic on the part of the authors of the 'Protocols of the Elders of Zion'? Is it all a giant conspiracy: the individual memoirs and testimonies, the films, the still standing camps and crematoria, the lists of names collected at Yad Vashem, Eichmann's boast that he could die happy since he felt a direct responsibility for five million Jewish deaths, Höss' estimate of two to three million Jewish deaths at Auschwitz while he was kommandant? Let us hope Mr Verrall will prove his theory by restoring six million people to their families in Europe, America and Israel.

2a Cadogan Mansions, London SW1

From Dr Jacob Gewirtz, Board of Deputies of British Jews

Richard Verrall's tacit admission that he is indeed the pseudonymous author of the notorious anti-semitic booklet 'Did Six Million Really Die?' reflects the distinct change in policy, or at least in strategy, on the part of the National Front leadership since its humiliating showing in the recent parliamentary elections. Those of us who have been monitoring NF activities over the past decade have never been in doubt about the unswerving loyalty of its leaders Tyndall, Webster and Verrall to Nazi philosophy. Nobody who had read John Tyndall's

restatement and reaffirmation of *Mein Kampf* in 'The Authoritarian State' could have been surprised that the editor of *Spearhead*, which is owned personally by Tyndall, should attempt to whitewash the Nazi regime.

What is slightly puzzling is why the present crop of Nazis should deny that the old Nazis carried out a policy of exterminating European Jewry. Antisemitism was, after all, the demonic force that propelled the Nazi juggernaut. But, as Francis Wheen correctly observes, it was important for the National Front to exorcise the spectre of Auschwitz if it hoped to win converts to its racist cause.

May I, however, draw the attention of your readers to another, perhaps more sinister, writing by the same Mr Verrall. It appeared in *Spearhead*, August 1977, under the title 'Are We Fit for Racial Survival?' In it Verrall reviews a disgusting racist novel which describes 'the invasion of Europe by numberless hordes of coloureds who have arrived in stinking boatloads crammed to capacity, with the dead continually thrown overboard'. The 'young White soldiers', we are told by Verrall, 'are having to burn in gigantic heaps the corpses of the invaders', but 'are unable to do it and panic'. To which he asks rhetorically, 'So are we breeding youngsters fit for survival? Or have we allowed the monstrous equality cancer to rot away the racial vigour of future generations?'

Here we have Verrall defending – not just the massive extermination of the Jews some 30 years ago – but actually advocating another 'Final Solution' in our own day against the black community. One wonders how far the NF will be permitted to go in its campaign of racial incitement before it runs afoul of the Race Relations Act.

Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, London WC1

From Ken Buckley

As a current committee member of the Council for Civil Liberties in Sydney and a former president of the Australian CCL, I wish to comment upon your article (NS 7 September) about the opinions of John Bennett, secretary of the Victoria CCL. The article rightly attacks Bennett for claiming that the story of holocaust of Jews in Nazi Germany is no more than a hoax and legend, and concludes: 'But is the Civil Liberties movement in Australia so plain stupid as to entrust the Victorian Council for Civil Liberties to him (Bennett)?' There are two answers to this question:

1. While the overwhelming majority of individual members of the movement in Australia strongly dissent from Bennett's views on this subject, the movement is organised in state CCLs which are autonomous. Thus the CCL in New South Wales (by far the biggest of the state bodies) has no responsibility for, or control over John Bennett.
2. Over the years, Bennett has done much good work for civil liberties in Victoria. Hence his position as secretary of the Victorian CCL. It is for that body to decide whether he has betrayed the trust placed in him through his outrageous remarks this year about various alleged 'hoaxes'.

Actually, in making these statements Bennett has been speaking as an individual, not in his capacity as spokesman for the Victoria CCL. Unfortunately, he is widely known as such a spokesman and he does not seem to appreciate that he cannot make a public utterance on this matter without it being assumed that he is speaking for the CCL. I can assure your readers that he does not. John Bennett is *sui generis*.
77 Belsize Park Gardens, London NW3

Sinking reputations

From Myra Hackman

I am a temporary secretary, and the only bank my agency has ever sent me to, where I was ordered to sign a declaration of secrecy before being allowed to begin work, was Hambros.

Having read your excellent article (NS 21 September) I realise what a lot they have to hide.
195 Randolph Avenue, London W9

The Blackpool Syndrome

From John Lyons, General Secretary, Engineers' and Managers' Association

I am sorry to see (Leader 14 September) that you did not like the Composite Resolution on Energy which was carried unanimously by the Trades Union Congress.

Clearly your writer was not at the Congress, nor did he or she bother to check what had actually happened. It is true that my office received a call, but that was only to confirm the one sentence in my speech which referred to the possibility that two people might have died from excessive exposure to radiation during the history of the nuclear industry in this country.

The facts about the Congress Resolution are as follows. It was moved by Mick McGahey on behalf of the National Union of Mineworkers who strongly and eloquently supported a balanced programme of coal and nuclear power. I seconded the motion and took the opportunity to explain some of the facts about nuclear power, but it was in no sense an anti-nuclear speech. Only one speaker spoke against nuclear power in the debate, and that was the only incoherent speech which was made. He ended up by urging support of the motion. The EETPU, the AUEW and the GMWU were three unions who supported the motion who didn't speak, but all of them strongly favour a balanced development of our energy industries, including nuclear power. In short, the notion that the Composite Resolution represented a piece of knavery by means of which major unions were led to support nuclear power in a balanced and safe way when in reality they were against it, is just rubbish.

Harrisburg was referred to by the way. I referred to it in my own speech. I pointed out that the fatalities arising from the Harrisburg accident might amount to between 1 and 10 people dying from cancer among the population in the area concerned over the next 40 years, in addition to the 320,000 who will die from cancer anyway in that population. I went on to say:

It helps to put Harrisburg into perspective to compare it for example with the 28 people killed at Flixborough, or the 50 people killed when an oil tanker exploded at Bantry Bay, or the 140 killed at a camping site in Spain when a tanker lorry carrying liquid proethylene ran out of control and exploded.

The reason, incidentally, that the trade union movement cannot be stampeded into the emotional anti-nuclear stance of your writer is a simple one; it represents workers who work in the various energy industries and they know the facts about them, and which are the most dangerous. And it knows we cannot dispense with nuclear power if we are to maintain the standard of living of working people during the remainder of this century.

Station House, Fox Lane North, Chertsey, Surrey

The Editor replies: Indeed our writer was at the Congress and heard the whole debate. Our point, quite clearly stated, was not that Mick McGahey or Moss Evans made anti-nuclear speeches, but that the original resolutions submitted by their unions had a distinctly anti-nuclear flavour. These had been so thoroughly diluted by the compositing procedure that Congress was presented with an essentially pro-nuclear motion and had no chance to debate the crucial issue of whether or not there should be any further development of nuclear power. We did not say there was no reference to Harrisburg and well remember that part of your speech. Our complaint was that the level of discussion about nuclear accidents – which ignored the enormous potential danger, unparalleled in any other industry – was such that 'Harrisburg might as well have been science fiction'. Finally, the composite motion was not carried unanimously: the journalists' union voted against it.

Exiling British women

From Jennifer Leopold

I am about to be deprived of a basic human right as a British subject. I am British and intend to remain so, and was born and educated in England where I worked and paid my taxes for many years. Last year I married an American citizen in England and shortly afterwards my husband and I came to New York to live. For legal purposes I am a 'resident alien' of the United States. It has always been our intention to return eventually to live and work in Britain, and up to October of this year this would have been quite simple for us.

However, I have just discovered to my dismay that Mrs Thatcher's government is to introduce new immigration legislation in October which will make it illegal for us to do so. The new law will ban the foreign husbands of British women from entering and living in Britain, although it will still be legal for a British man to bring his foreign wife to Britain to live without difficulty.

This means that I and thousands of British sub-



jects in similar situations to mine will be prevented from living in our own country with our spouses merely because we are female. It is a blatant injustice – a piece of sexist and racist legislation. In a country which has always prided itself on egalitarian attitudes, where there are laws to enforce sex equality and to ban discrimination on grounds of race, it seems incredible that such a law can be calmly introduced. The irony is that it is to be introduced by Britain's first government headed by a woman!

752 West End Avenue, New York, NY 10025

From Anne Tveite

Thank you for drawing attention (NS 17 August) to the proposed treatment of British women married to foreigners. It is a shock to hear that I may soon not be able to live at home with my husband because he is a Norwegian. My children are already in the extraordinary situation that they cannot stay with their English mother (or, for instance, grandparents) in England because they cannot obtain work permits and are granted only a tourist visa of restricted duration.

As an example of double discrimination against me for being a woman and for having married a foreigner – my daughter applied for a grant in England to study and was told that she was eligible if her father, although a foreigner, had at any time paid income tax to the British government. When she replied that he had not but that her mother, apart from being English, had worked and paid her tax for many years in England, she received the reply that what her mother had done was of no consequence.

There is, of course, much out-of-date legislation which it takes time to change but to revert to gross discrimination, for whatever direct or indirect purpose, is unworthy of British traditions of justice and can lead to much unhappiness. 'The rights of all

British citizens legally settled here are equal before the law whatever their race, colour or creed.' Are 'British citizens' only men?

Furudalen 5, N-5044 Natland, Norway

More axe-blows are struck

From Henry Ruffle

Christopher Hitchens' article on the proposed cuts to the BBC World Service draws attention to the mindless damage the government's action is likely to do to Britain's standing in the rest of the world.

An even greater threat is at present being levelled at the British Council which is being asked to make cuts of 12 per cent in the year 1980/81. It is also apparent that the government has firm figures for equally drastic cuts for the following two financial years.

The British Council is far better known overseas – and especially in the Third World – than in Britain. Within the framework of British foreign policy it is in touch with educated and professional people overseas in a way denied to diplomats. It assists in the spread of the English language and promotes an understanding of British cultural activities. In assisting in the interchange of people between Britain and the rest of the world, it promotes those disinterested human contacts that foster Britain's long term political and mid-term commercial interests.

Already the British Council is having to close provincial offices – in Hull, Leicester, Liverpool, Sheffield and Stratford-upon-Avon. There are fears that, if the present proposed cuts are implemented, the council would have to withdraw from 17 of the 80-odd countries in which it is represented. The Foreign Office is facing 3 per cent cuts in its budget, the BBC World Service 10 per cent and the British Council 12 per cent. The disproportion makes no sense except in the terms of the vulnerability of the smaller services whose value is appreciated the further one goes from Whitehall.

The value of the BBC World Service and of the British Council is unquantifiable and intangible but no less real. They cannot be fed into a monetarist view of the world. If the cuts go through, Britain and civilised relations of the world will lose out. Nobody, nobody will gain.

The two Cinderellas

From Desmond Shawe-Taylor

Was Peter Conrad's article on Rossini's *Cenerentola* and Massenet's *Cendrillon* a joke? If not, a few questions arise.

The crescendo is a regular, indeed notorious, feature of Rossini's style; so why seek to interpret those in *La Cenerentola* as 'an imperative force which rushes the characters towards judgment'? Many people could hardly name a Rossini opera without a storm. So why discover in this one 'a revolutionary challenge to social order... powered by an elemental violence'? Rossini did not 'give up art for eating' soon after the composition of *La Cenerentola*: it comes exactly midway in the list of his operas, and was followed by 19 more.

Mr Conrad aptly describes Nicolai Gedda, the Prince Charming of the recorded *Cendrillon*, as 'more elderly roué than hypochondriac youth', but adds that 'in the absence of any successor he remains an indispensable singer'. Why not tell the reader that Massenet wrote the part, not for a tenor, but for a soprano? Gedda has no right to be in the cast at all.

15 Furlong Road, London N7

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Failing fairly fast

At my advanced age (70th year, for the benefit of any New Readers who are Starting Here), one has to accustom oneself to public humiliations such as, with eyesight by no means what it was, making a stately exit from a London Underground platform down a passage marked NO ENTRY and being knocked flat by a surge of commuters ('You're going the wrong way, Squire') rushing busily along in the opposite direction. And I find that I can no longer descend with ease and safety from the upper deck of a London bus while it is in motion (incidentally, I note a new craze for speed in the normally sedate No. 19s. What can it mean, and will it spread to the rare No. 22s, queen or buses?). I have therefore to shout, at my stop, something appealing and persuasive to the conductor that will alert him to the presence and the impending departure of an old party up aloft. The phrase I usually make use of, and rather loudly, is 'Hi there! I am coming down. Kindly wait.' I am, sad to say, not one of those who can shout 'Hi there!' with the proper ring of conviction but the request requires something to catch and hold the conductor's interest before I move on to the more informative 'I am coming down' part, and anyway, what else would suit? 'Attention down below' would do if only it didn't sound so defiantly nautical, though here I suppose that my macintosh would lend to the cry some sort of watery validity. 'Hello there' and 'Good afternoon' are too chatty and conversational and the bus would be up and away in a brace of shakes and whizzing me way past Fortnum's before I knew what was happening.

The word 'attention' reminds me of a friend who, returning from France and bearing with her a charming china figure of the Virgin Mary, was dutifully anxious to declare her objet d'art at the frog customs. Unable to catch the eye of a douanier, all listlessly gossiping and scratching themselves in unfortunate spots, she found herself yelling '*Attention. La Sainte Vierge!*' and causing, to put it mildly, considerable astonishment.

Now that I have abandoned all outdoor games except for croquet, terribly narrow though the modern hoops appear to be (in my youth they yawned as wide as the legs of the Eiffel Tower), a whole range of possible humiliations has happily disappeared – inability any more to pick up tennis balls, let alone hit them, in a becomingly lissom manner and total inability ever to find balls carelessly struck and vanished over the netting into the 'border' ('Mind my red hot pokers!'). My golfing swansong, and deeply humiliating it was, took place in Devon and at the delightful Moreton Hampstead course in the grounds of what was originally the house, built about 1907 and subscribed to indirectly by our rail-travelling parents, of the first Mr W. H. Smith, subsequently ennobled as Lord Hambleton. The house, considerably enlarged, is now an hotel and one which is both on the costly side and the property of British Rail (snapped up with part of that Pension Fund? Who can say?). My steel-shafted golf-clubs had been lying idle for many years on the stone floor of a cupboard, a dampish resting place which, in view of what was to come, I do not recom-

mend. However, when a *sportif* London friend arrived, fully be-clubbed, to stay and expressed a wish to take to the links, I hospitably dragged out my bag and off we set.

Behold us then on the first tee, surrounded by expert-looking golfers and in full view of many hotel onlookers, anxiously waiting our turn to drive off. Those readers who do not happen to be golfers will like to know that the drive off can either be accomplished with a driver, for such the necessary wooden club is still called by us game old oldsters (No. 1 wood, I think, to younger chaps), or with an 'iron', by which they mean an all-steel club. When the time came, I chose, for safety's sake, an iron, teed my ball quakingly up, took one short and apologetic practice swing, and then let fly. All that I can say in favour of the stroke is that I didn't actually miss the ball. Indeed, there was a deafening crack, the club split smartly into two pieces and the bottom part and the ball disappeared together over the brow of the hill. No need to describe the reactions of those present. Yes indeed, titters galore, a word implying suppressed but rather scornful laughter and much used in old *Punch* jokes when a faux pas, usually made by a nouveau riche, has occurred ('The girls go off tittering'). It merely remains for me to tell you that at the second hole, the club known to me as my mashie-niblick broke into two pieces while I was attempting to hack my way out of a bunker, the heavier portion travelling some distance and narrowly missing a lady who was addressing her ball, as we phrase it, on the 17th tee. Another inch or two to the left and the incident would have made an arresting

Roger Woddis Love Song

A former headmaster in Moffat, Dumfriesshire said after being cleared of assaulting boys: 'I love being a prep-school head and put my heart and soul into it.'

My love is like a red, red weal
That's raised on tender skin:
My love is like a riding-crop
That whips my charges in.

As keen art thou, my bonnie cane,
So strong of arm am I:
And I will use my manly strength
Till I have made them cry:

Till I have made them cry, my dear,
And had my harmless fun:
And I will be within the law,
And the law will say, 'Well done'.

Till they are meek and disciplined,
I shall not spare the rod,
And I will beat their buttocks blue,
And put my trust in God.

And though my calling is in vain,
And some may call it vile,
I thank the Lord I have the cane
To make it all worthwhile.

paragraph in our local paper, the 'Exeter Express and Echo' (ALLEGED JOURNALIST IN FREAK MISHAP. PAIGNTON'S SAD LOSS).

Mental humiliations are, with age, every bit as frequent as the physical ones and keep pace admirably. Although I am seldom able to play (Appleton's indulgence in cards tends to be those delightfully stimulating and exciting whist-drives), I enjoy the game of bridge and always read, when I can, the experts' dissertations on the game and the sample hands that are to be found towards the end of some of those glossy magazines. It is here that the humiliations begin. 'A Bournemouth lady correspondent has sent me an amusing hand' writes the expert, patronising chortles in every line, and there, set out for all to see, are the cards held by the four players, with the bidding given underneath. It is my custom to cover up the bidding and to decide what I, in similar circumstances, would have 'gone', sitting East. It is crystal clear to me that, at the third round of bidding, East must call 'four diamonds', and, turning to the expert for confirmation, I read the following: 'At this point East (bless her!) decided to bid four diamonds, the only really fatal call of the hand and resulting in a little slam in hearts for her opponents. Her partner, I am told, preserved a dignified silence in the face of this truly appalling misreading of the cards.'

I press, nevertheless, valiantly on and a year or so ago I had a happy evening's bridge with non-expert friends with whom I was staying in East Anglia. We had dined excellently, the wood fire was crackling merrily, and, at 2p a hundred, the bidding was spirited. Towards the end of the evening it was my partner's turn to deal and our opponents eventually cornered the bidding with four spades. I had but one spade, the singleton King, and very soon trumps were led from my right and it was clear that an attempt was being made to 'lead through me', as we have it, and capture my King. Perhaps bemused by food and warmth and age, or so I tell myself, I found myself thinking 'No. I won't play my King just yet. It's going to be very useful later on when the other silly fools have all run out of trumps. I'll play this little club instead.' I did so, and everybody looked very astonished. In a moment, they tried it again. 'You can't catch me', I thought, and played a valueless diamond. I forget now what the penalties are for twice revoking but they seemed stiffish at the time. I like to put my little blunder down to that fashionable failing 'a mental block', though knowing full well that what it actually was was a whisky-induced stupour. Since that episode I have stayed with these friends again but a game of bridge was not suggested. Mislaid their cards, probably.

It happens sometimes in newspaper bridge articles that, though the hands held by the four players are correctly set out, the actual lines showing what each player bid get terribly muddled up and put, as it were, back to front and upside down ('In my end was my beginning'). And thus it happens that we find North opening the bidding with a loud and confident cry of 'Redouble!' We then move at once into extremely high bidding circles – 'Double', 'six clubs' and 'five hearts'. Meanwhile West, obviously rather horrified by this rather boastful bidding so soon in the hand, plucks up his courage and calls a modest 'two diamonds', the bidding finally closing with a simple 'One no-trump' from East.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Tom Paulin

Exterminate Them, Slime

The Letters of D. H. Lawrence, Vol. 1: 1901-1913 edited by James T. Boulton *Cambridge* £15

Most of the objections to Lawrence's work are based on an 18th-century ethic of tact and civility. Just as Fielding mocked the emotional enthusiasm of evangelical preaching, so various people dislike the 'wonderful naked intimacy' which Lawrence preaches. I used to think they were wrong, but now I'm not so sure. In the 1960s Lawrence's novels were seen as great liberating texts and the *Lady Chatterley* trial was an influential cultural event. However it's now time to consider how Lawrence's work looks in the aftermath of the cultural change it helped to create.

With the exception of *Sons and Lovers* the novels are fierce and uneven mixtures of Nonconformist hysteria and Teutonic nature mysticism. Their Romanticism is cruel and tyrannous and they measure all experience against an ideal of glossy juvenescence that Byron termed 'the young, the beautiful, the brave'. In *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* Lawrence is extremely hostile to the middle-aged and the old, and he ruthlessly discards Anna and Will Brangwen as soon as their children begin to grow up. The traditional wisdoms of experience are wicked lies for Lawrence – it's a sin not to be young and anyone who is old is absolutely wrong. He told Edward Garnett, 'We have to hate our immediate predecessors, to get free from their authority'. As a young man's text this is healthy (Lawrence was 27 when he uttered it), but it hardened into a gospel of hatred which he preached for the rest of his life. 'Forever young' is not a refrain that can transcend the biological flux Lawrence identified with. And his unrelenting dedication to passionate youthful experience in *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* gives his prose the tacky texture of acres of PVC – it is cold, limp and somehow inauthentic in its desperate authenticity. More and more I think the real centre of his achievement lies in the short stories and plays where formal demands keep out the rhetoric and the preaching.

Of course it would be absurd to criticise Lawrence's letters for being formless (if letter-writing is an art it has no rules), but by the end of this thick volume I understood why Jessie Chambers cried, 'I am sick, sick to death of David and all that concerns him'. She was referring both to Lawrence's affair with Frieda and to the proofs of *Sons and Lovers* which he had cruelly and tactlessly sent her. She told Helen Corke that she was deeply wounded by his presentation of her: 'The Miriam part of the novel is a slander, a fearful treachery. David has selected every point which sets off Miriam at a disadvantage, and he has interpreted her every word and action, and thought in the light of Mrs. Morel's hatred of her.' It's a just criticism of the novel and she must have wondered how she could ever have loved its author, for the personality that

whines and shrieks throughout these letters is singularly unlovable. Lawrence's emotions are chillingly righteous and somehow squelchy – they have the pulpy quality of rotting snow.

At the end of a long screed to Blanche Jennings, he says:

Have I bored you this time – Lord, what a fool I am? I am always opening my heart to some girl or woman, and they wax sympathetic, but they are fools with no alloy of wisdom. I have my grain of sense somewhere – it prevents my falling in love – it prevented my becoming 'converted' to religion.

But where is my motley – my motley! Think of a naked fool – with patches even on his skin – here and there – patches of blushing soreness – a



naked fool – oh Lord! Give me my motley, my motley – and burn this letter, this portrait of my patched, naked folly.

The naked intimacy is an illusion, an act, which gushes on and on. For all Lawrence's praise of 'sincerity, and a quickening spontaneous emotion', he emerges as an angry and tormented narcissist whose soul-baring honesty is so volatile that it becomes slushy and superficial. It's as though he's engaged in a furious search for an emotional reality that continually eludes him. By creating such an appearance of intense feeling he succeeds in feeling nothing.

Lawrence glimpses this in a letter to Louie Burrows where he compares himself to Richardson's Lovelace:

If I were but Lovelace – which I nearly was, – if the potter hadn't bungled and made a beer-pot of my fine china, should have been – I would say 'How can this fair earth please me, or the seductive ocean allure me, when I consider thee'. I wish you'd tell me which of my epistolary styles you

prefer: the gay, the mocking, the ironic, the sad, the despairing, the elevated, the high romantic, the didactic, the emphatic, the bullying, the passionate, the disgraceful or the naive, so that I can be consistent.

In fact he rants and bullies with a violent consistency and a merciless lack of tenderness, irony or passion. And always, in love letter and business letter alike, he signs himself 'D. H. Lawrence' or 'DHL', as if his public identity – that social existence he scorns in the novels – is the only fixed reality in his vaporous epistolary flux. Joyce's personal letters are signed with a warm and poignant 'Jim', but Lawrence's always end with a curt official flourish. It's as though his cloying demagogic ravings must finish with a heel-clicking salute and affirmation of his authorial personality – he understood Prussian militarism so brilliantly because his cult of freedom was so extreme it shaded into its opposite.

His favourite role is a cross between Oedipus and Macbeth – he confesses again and again to a wish to be mothered, and he quotes frequently from Macbeth. In one letter he says, 'It is hopeless for me to try to do anything without I have a woman at the back of me', and he strategically presents himself as an imaginative weakling who has to be pushed before he acts. Most of the letters in this volume were written to surrogate mothers whose love and attention Lawrence hysterically demanded. In a particularly sickening letter which he wrote to Jessie Chambers several months after he'd broken their engagement Lawrence says this:

You say you died a death of me, but the death you died of me I must have died also, or you wouldn't have gone on caring about me . . . They tore me from you, the love of my life . . . It was the slaughter of the foetus in the womb . . . I've got a grinning skull-and-crossbones headache.

Even as he justifies himself by shifting the responsibility on to his mother and elder sister he demands that Jessie should soothe his aching brow and wholly absolve him. His love letters to Louie Burrows aren't in the least passionate: 'if you can cook you will be perfect,' he tells her.

However, there are vivid and arresting moments: Wells's conversation is 'a continual squirting of thin little jets of weak acid', Lawrence goes 'on the razzle' in Bournemouth and when he runs off with Frieda he declares that the world 'is wonderful and beautiful and good beyond one's wildest imagination'. More than this the letters show the intensity with which Lawrence lived and worked – he is 'ceaselessly active', ferociously sensitive and sometimes pleasantly operatic in the early letters:

I am immensely busy rushing round to see everybody. Oh the lamentations heard abroad!

I've bought one of those round cloth hats, and look so comical therein. I would like to see you laugh at me. Oh, I must close.

Adieu; adieu – one kiss? DHL

Am coming into Nottm on Saturday – must be at the Dentist at 4.0. Shall I see you – where? I shall bike – if fine. DHL

He wrote this to Louie Burrows shortly before he left to teach in Croydon and after three years a severe attack of pneumonia forced him to give up teaching. During his convalescence he broke off his engagement to Louie Burrows and this made his younger sister, Ada, send her a curious letter. Ada told Louie that Lawrence had 'changed for the worse' since his illness and she complained, 'his flippant

and really artificial manner gets on my nerves dreadfully'. In a tone of spiritual disgust and horror, she added, 'You really deserve someone better than Bert Louie, I wouldn't marry a man like him, no, not if he were the only one on the earth.' Lawrence seems to have inspired this kind of revulsion (it's there in Jessie Chambers's rejection of his 'turmoil of emotionalism'), and only when he collided with Frieda did he encounter an egotist who was as voracious and demanding as himself.

Really Lawrence appears to have been an emotional leech – spineless and writhing and full of greedy hatred. Too many people have accepted the savage god which Lawrence discovered in his early months with Frieda. It's a discovery which he describes in a letter to Garnett where he mentions that Frieda

wants to clear out of Europe, and get to somewhere uncivilised. It is astonishing how barbaric one gets with love: one finds oneself in the Hinterland der Seele, and – it's a rum place. I never knew I was like this. What Blasted Fools the English are, fencing off the big wild scope of their natures. Since I am in Germany, all my little pathetic sadness and softness goes, and I am often often frightened at the thing I find myself.

As a work of scholarship this edition is scrupulous and clearly definitive – it replaces Huxley's *Letters of D. H. Lawrence* (1932) and Harry T. Moore's *Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence* (1962). However, it is sometimes comically over-annotated ('To be or not to be' is remorselessly identified as 'Hamlet III.i.56'), and the introduction is written in a dull and costive manner which fails to offer any critical insight into Lawrence's personal-

ity. Next year is the 50th anniversary of Lawrence's death and it's high time his work was reassessed. In many ways he is one of those 'perfect monsters' that Auden, remembering Dracula, Hitler and the early Byron, placed on the summits of uncivil mountains. It seems appropriate that Lawrence should have been staying outside Munich in the Bavarian Tyrol when he posted this vicious curse back to England:

Curse the blasted, jelly-boned swines, the slimy, belly-wriggling invertebrates, the miserable sodding rotters, the flaming sods, the snivelling, dribbling, dithering palsied pulse-less lot that make up England today. They've got white of egg in their veins, and their spunk is that watery it's a marvel they can breed. They can nothing but frog-spawn – the gibberers! God, how I hate them! God curse them, fuckers. God blast them, wish-wash. Exterminate them, slime.

Godfrey Hodgson

Oligopoly

The Powers That Be by DAVID HALBERSTAM
Chatto £9.95

GM and Ford. Pepsi and Coke. CBS and NBC. *Time* and *Newsweek*. The *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*. The same processes of imperfect competition that have worked to bring about oligopoly in the manufacturing and marketing sectors of American corporate business have also operated in the communications industry. A dominant share of the sources of news, and even more, perhaps, of the media that can explain the news and therefore control the context in which it is interpreted, has fallen into very few hands indeed. This is a historical fact of very great significance for the politics and culture of traditionally 'pluralist' America.

There are now only two wire services, AP and UPI, from which most daily newspapers get virtually all their national and international news. The daily newspapers in all but a few cities have a monopoly of their market. Immensely profitable, more and more of them are controlled by only a dozen or so chains – Hearst, Newhouse, Cox, Gannett, Knight-Ridder and the rest – all dominated by the most timid commercialism. There are only two national news magazines: *Time* and *Newsweek*, unless you count the feeble, ultra-reactionary *US News and World Report*. There are three national television and radio networks, CBS, NBC and ABC.

Finally, even these few great duchies of the media are linked by an intricate web with each other and with local and regional outlets. Thus the *Washington Post* and the *Los Angeles Times*, ideologically far apart, share a foreign news service. *Newsweek* belongs to the company that owns the *Washington Post*, which is controlled by Mrs Katharine Graham and her son, daughter and grandson of the Wall Street speculator Eugene Meyer. The *Post*'s only newspaper competitor, the evening *Washington Star*, now belongs to *Newsweek*'s competitor, Time Inc. And so one could go on for pages. Dow-Jones, which owns the *Wall Street Journal*, shares a financial news service with

AP. Each of the television networks owns a whole conglomerate of assorted properties, including recording companies, television stations (only five each, by law), cable television ventures, and book publishers.

This degree of oligopoly is relatively new. What is new, too, is the 'corporatisation' of what were until recently either family businesses (the Ochs-Sulzberger clan's *New York Times*, the Chandlers' *Los Angeles Times*, the Meyer-Graham family's *Washington Post*) or enterprises run as despotisms by their founders: men like William Paley at CBS, David Sarnoff at NBC, or Harry Luce at Time Inc. Why did these changes come about? What were the economic, the technological, the social reasons for them? Have they finished? Will a degree of genuine competition continue, or will oligopoly slide into monopoly? Is there a media culture with its own biases, as Richard Nixon, Spiro T. Agnew and many conservative intellectuals have complained? Or are the media secretly biased in favour of the *status quo* under which they have so spectacularly prospered and their owners have acquired such influence and prestige?

All of this would make a magnificent subject for a thoughtful, analytical book, and David Halberstam might seem ideally situated to write it for us. He is in his middle forties now and he has lived not only through the rise and the concentration of the media, but also close to the events which gave the media their great influence on American life. He went to Harvard when McGeorge Bundy was Dean and the university was preparing to emerge as the Oxbridge of the American century. After some years working in the South, first on a small paper in Mississippi, then in Tennessee, he joined the *New York Times*, which sent him first to the Congo, then to Saigon. That was the crucial experience of his life. He and a group of other young, talented and courageous reporters – Neil Sheehan and Malcolm Browne among them – became famous for their critical reporting on America's support for the regime of Ngo Dinh Diem. Halberstam won a Pulitzer prize for his reporting, and Random House published his book, *The Mak-*

John Fuller

Charades

Out of the room, out of the room and back:
Look at me again and say the word again.
I hear it but I do not understand.
Something important you alluded to,
Smiling behind a hairy plastic hand.
Out of the room, out of the room and back.

Out of the room, out of the room and back:
I caught a syllable I thought you meant
And then another that went with the first,
But soon I realised I was quite at sea:
It was a fiction carefully rehearsed.
Out of the room, out of the room and back.

Out of the room, out of the room and back:
Look at me again and say the word again.
I know you'd tell me, but I dare not ask.
This is the last time and I must give up.
Wellington boots and vampire mask.
Out of the room, out of the room, out of
the room

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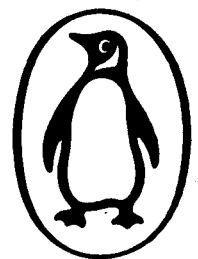
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ing of a *Quagmire*. He went to *Harper's* as magazine writer and later published *The Best and the Brightest*, an account of the slippery path that led the US foreign policy élite into Vietnam. But, Halberstam has been less of a radical than his career might suggest. Halberstam was not against the American presence in Vietnam, not against the war, just against losing it.

The same streak of caution has spoiled this book about the media. For one thing, why has he written only about *Time*, CBS, the *Post*, and the *Los Angeles Times*? He explains that he did not want to write about the *New York Times* because his own feelings about it were so 'personal and ambivalent'. But why did he decide not to write about NBC? Could it possibly have something to do with the fact that NBC is owned by the same conglomerate (RCA) which owns his American publisher, and was paying him several hundred thousand dollars to do the book? If that was not the reason, why did he not explain what the real reason was? Halberstam worked on the book full-time for five years. He has interviewed impressive numbers of the most agreeable lunchers in New York and Washington. I must admit I find the result a disappointing, and indeed in certain respects an infuriating book.

In many places, for a start, it is somewhat sloppily written. Advertising copywriters' words like 'famed' and 'noted' show up like divots where the golfer's arm has gone slack. It is poorly edited. Even if Halberstam had not heard of George M. Humphrey, truly one of the half-dozen important political figures in Washington during the early years of the Eisenhower administration, then surely

someone at Knopf might have checked and discovered that Humphrey was a famous secretary of the treasury, and never secretary of commerce. The text is fly-specked with small mistakes like that. My favourite is the reference to 'Bishop Odo of Bayer', which I suppose puts William the Conqueror's half-brother in the aspirin age.

More serious, Halberstam writes in a persistent vein of hyperbole mixed with subtle sycophancy. Too many people who ought not to dazzle a writer with Halberstam's reputation and standing are described as 'dazzling'. Of William Paley, the head of CBS, a man whose snobbish interest in the arts did not stop him exerting a philistine influence on his network, Halberstam writes that he had 'an ear totally pure', and why? Because he foresaw that the musical *Camelot* was going to be a smash. He uncritically adopts the view of the living Theodore H. White on his quarrel with Harry Luce, not that of the dead Luce. And he shows an almost lascivious interest in the social snobbery, the snubs, the resentments that seem to take up so much of the lives of the people who own the institutions Halber-

stam is telling us about. Acres of space are given to the popular Watergate heroes, Woodward and Bernstein, and scant justice to others who had far more to do with the *Washington Post's* influence and reputation in Washington.

Yet with all these faults, Halberstam has the great virtue in a writer. He is readable. 'Tediumness', said Dr Johnson, 'is the most fatal of all faults.' And Halberstam is not tedious. The sheer energy of his infatuation with what he calls power (and I would call influence) carries you along with him. He offers little analysis, and little explanation of how these empires of the written and the spoken word are held together. He does not explain where their profits come from, or, except in the most general way, how the drive for profits inhibits, or does not inhibit them. He simply drowns the reader in a sea of anecdote. And after a while – after many, many hours, for it is a very long book – I lay back, let the tide carry me down the river, took no notice of the mistakes floating past like flotsam, or of the interesting landscapes we were ignoring on the bank, and found myself enjoying it.

Steven Lukes

Cultural Capital, Mental Labour

The Future of Intellectuals and the Rise of the New Class by ALVIN W. GOULDNER *Macmillan* £8 and £4.95

Towards an East European Marxism by MARC RAKOVSKI *Allison and Busby* £5.25 and £3.50

Who are the intellectuals and what are they? Are they, as Edward Shils thinks, priests *manqués*, alienated and potentially disruptive bearers of central cultural values; or are they the benign technocrats of Galbraith and Daniel Bell, the guiding intelligences of a modern knowledge-based society; or else the owners and beneficiaries of Pierre Bourdieu's 'cultural capital'; or Chomsky's abject and immoral servants of power? And are they, as orthodox Marxism asserts, a 'stratum', or are they a class – perhaps the New Class, destined to rule both East and West? Or are such questions posed at too general a level to admit of convincing answers?

These two books offer a striking and revealing contrast in their analyses of the present role and future prospects of intellectuals in contemporary societies. Gouldner, long-standing critic-from-within of mainstream American sociology and *doyen* of self-styled critical, 'neo-Hegelian' sociology, painting in broad, sweeping strokes and sharp contrasting colours, offers a work of generalising sociology. Marc Rakovski, the pseudonym of two young Hungarian intellectuals, has written a subtle and sophisticated work about the social structure and political economy of Eastern Europe which is undoubtedly the most searching (including Bahro but excluding Zinoviev) to have come from that quarter for very many years. Gouldner's book aims at 'a general theory of the New Class' treating it as 'a world historical phenomenon'. Rakovski's offers an analysis of Soviet-type societies as '*sui generis*

class societies existing alongside capitalism' that breaks free from blocks to understanding them inherent in traditional Marxism, Communist and Trotskyist. The two books come into focused contrast in their analyses of the role of intellectuals in Eastern Europe, and in their respective approaches to explaining this.

Gouldner's argument is intended to apply to 'all countries that have in the 20th century become part of the emerging world socio-economic order' – the third world, the USSR and its satellites, and late capitalism. His claim is that 'a New Class composed of intellectuals and technical intelligentsia – not the same – enter into contention with the groups already in control of the society's economy, whether these are businessmen or party leaders'. Having emerged into the public sphere in Western Europe as 'a structurally differentiated and (relatively) autonomous social stratum', it is an embryonic new 'universal class', though 'profoundly flawed', morally ambivalent and internally divided, 'the most progressive force in modern society' and 'a centre of whatever human emancipation is possible in the foreseeable future' but also anti-egalitarian, seeking 'special guild advantages – political powers and incomes' and 'the nucleus of a new hierarchy and the elite of a new form of cultural capital'.

Why is it a class? First, it has a shared relationship to cultural or human capital and thus forms a 'cultural bourgeoisie', privately appropriating the advantages of an historically and collectively produced cultural capital, in the form of incomes and social control. Second, because it is a 'speech community' whose discourse invokes impersonal, rational justifications for claims made, free of reference to social status and authority. These features, reproduced through the public education system, unify its interests, culture and policies –

**FRANK
PARKIN**

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TAVISTOCK

though Gouldner also holds that it is internally divided, indeed contradictory, and he even cheerfully admits that it is never 'as such' united in political struggle, only through 'organisations, parties, associations, vanguards'. But, especially in Western liberal societies, these are notoriously various and conflicting. In short, the case for New Class unity is not made out.

His approach to socialist societies is no less contradictory. He sees the revolutionary vanguard party as typically staffed by intellectuals, as expressing their modernising and elite ambitions and as paving the way for the New Class. Marxism is 'the false consciousness of cultural bourgeoisie who have been radicalised', acting in the name of a self-emancipating proletariat. A socialist society only extends the bureaucratic apparatus of the state and thus the domain within which the New Class's cultural capital holds sway. The Communist societies of Eastern Europe, Gouldner claims, are witnessing an acute conflict between the party bureaucrats and the rising New Class of intellectuals and intelligentsia. He fails to explain how the Party can be both expression and class enemy of his decidedly protean New Class.

Rakovski's picture of Eastern Europe is of a class society 'built from quite different elements' than capitalism. Its class structure 'lies within the confines of an institutional system which by its very nature prevents social classes from becoming an independent political force, that is to say, from seeing themselves as particular classes in terms of an articulate ideology and from setting up specific organisations to advance their interests.' The key question here is not that of Western Marxists,

'why has the Soviet intelligentsia not made contact with the working class?' but rather, 'why is the intelligentsia - which does not constitute an autonomous class - able to create its own ideology and its own culture, and even its own counter-culture and embryonic counter-institutions, while the basic classes are unable even in this very restricted sense to form themselves into a practical entity?'

Defining the intelligentsia as 'the sub-group of intellectual workers whose members are in regular contact with the process of cultural and scientific creation', he gives a penetrating analysis of the ways in which its institutionalised communication, within the limits of science and culture, 'forms the public sphere, serving as a functional substitute for political discussion and organisation among those who take part in it'. Despite all the bureaucratic controls, a relatively high-level of social group consciousness is achieved. This applies to academic communication, however internal, and to cultural discussions, however deformed and even to ideological utterances, which 'cannot afford to be absolutely repetitive', and to political journalism: 'the web of mutual responses and references resists all attempts to destroy it.' As a result, 'the intelligentsia is in a privileged position compared with the basic classes' in virtue of 'the irreducible prerequisites of mental labour in the humanities and the sciences'.

Rakovski goes on to develop a brilliant analysis of the early hopes, the life-patterns and the tactics of official intellectuals, manoeuvring to push back, even slightly, their margins of action; of their ambiguous defensiveness toward the 'counter-public sphere' increasingly developed by nonconformist

intellectuals; and of the crucial stratum of the marginalised 'sub-intelligentsia', mainly ancillary workers in factory-type research and cultural organisations who are plugged into the communication system and provide a good part of the non-official public. Of the counter-public sphere of samizdat, Rakovski writes that its very existence shows that it is possible to follow other than established norms. However reactionary or primitive its content, it 'breaks the monopoly of the ruling ideology's patterns of thought, and introduces new concepts and alternative ideas into the social consciousness'. Hence his compelling conclusion: the necessity for solidarity with all non-conformism, which, under these conditions, implies a 'deep democratic content'.

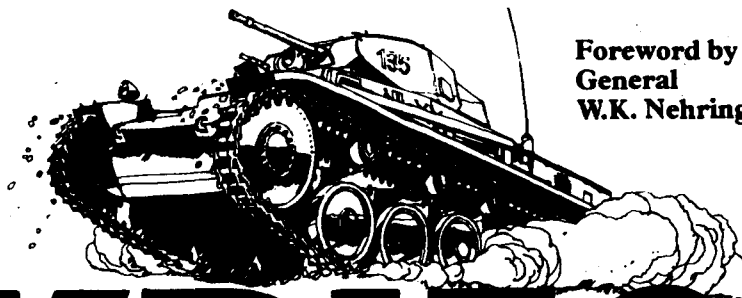
Reading these two books leads me to two conclusions. First, that social categories such as 'intellectual' and 'intelligentsia' do not retain the same meaning across fundamentally different types of society. More particularly, in the Soviet bloc, the very absence of civil society and a public domain of political discussion and organisation makes the intelligentsia (in any case a Russian term) a significant and cohesive social force; whereas in the West there is simply a plethora of professions and strata (including various kinds of intellectual) whose unity, across their divergent interests, life-styles and destinies, has yet to be shown. And second, if that is true, it suggests that theory in the social sciences is better deployed in identifying the distinctive principles governing particular types of society than general truths about world historical phenomena.

Note: Michael Joseph will be publishing Roald Dahl's *My Uncle Oswald* and not John Murray as incorrectly stated in last week's books list.

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All One Can Hope For

A Dry White Season by ANDRÉ BRINK W.H. Allen £5.95

The Skater's Waltz by PHILIP NORMAN *Hamish Hamilton* £5.95 to be published on 15 October

In the Lap of Atlas by RICHARD HUGHES Chatto £4.95

Perhaps all one can really hope for, all I am entitled to, is no more than this: to write it down. To report what I know. So that it will not be possible for any man ever to say again: *I knew nothing about it.*

Placed at the end of most novels these words would probably sound melodramatic or self-aggrandising or even slyly apologetic ('I'd have liked to have done more but...'). As the last words of André Brink's *A Dry White Season*, however, they're a quite proper reminder that in certain places at certain times the subtleties we normally demand from fiction seem almost beside the point: all that matters is that the truth be set down, preferably with directness and simplicity. It's not a position we'd expect to be taken by British and American novelists, most of whom feel (perhaps mistakenly) that their societies are stable enough to allow a writer to be as fictive as he or she likes: 'reporting' can best be left to journalists. But there are countries in which no such licence exists: so controlled, censored or corrupt is the press that if novelists won't do the job of reporting then perhaps nobody will. It may be that André Brink exaggerates in implying this about South Africa: through the reporting of Donald Woods, at least, a

clear picture has emerged of the brutality of the Security Police in that country. But there are some things which cannot be said too often, and although there's a strong feeling of *déjà vu* about *A Dry White Season* (some passages read as if they'd come straight from Woods's *Biko*) it is still, in parts at least, a book of great power. This power, which comes not from any very special novelistic skill but rather from the urgency of what Brink has to report, has already been paid tribute to by the South African government, which has found it necessary to ban the novel even before its publication.

The central figure of *A Dry White Season* is Ben Du Toit, a quiet, white, middle-aged teacher who was once in his youth brave enough to expose the injustice of a lecturer, but who has since settled for a comfortably passive family existence. He is jolted into life by two deaths – first that of Christopher, a black boy whose education he has helped pay for, and then that of Christopher's father, Gordon, who is arrested while investigating the circumstances of his son's death: both appear to have been murdered by the security police. Initially Ben has faith enough in his government to believe that, if he pesters long enough, the circumstances of both deaths will be exposed and condemned. But the pursuit of his mission has profounder consequences than he anticipates: it leads him to doubt his place in the white community, breaks up his marriage, loses him his job and leaves him with only two real friends, one a black called Stanley and the other a white journalist, Melanie. The country he has always inhabited begins to seem unrecognisable to him. He finds himself being harassed by a series of 'firsts':

the first time his phone was tapped; the first time his mail was tampered with; the first time an unknown car followed him to town; the first time a stranger was posted opposite his house to check on whoever arrived or left; the first time the phone rang in the middle of the night with nothing on the other side but heavy breathing...

The 'firsts' lead inexorably to a 'last', Ben's death, but in some ways the most disturbing incident of all comes earlier, when he discovers that even his daughter is colluding with the authorities against him.

Brink is no Gordimer or Jacobson, and there are elements in *A Dry White Season* which jar badly. Principal among these is the introduction of a 'romantic novelist' narrator, who receives Ben's papers just before his death and recounts his story. The presence of this narrator may 'explain' and justify some of the looser writing in the book, notably the at times sentimental treatment of women characters, but little is gained by the device, and the attempt to link the social 'drought' implicit in the title with the narrator's 'dry patch' in writing is a piece of fictive self-consciousness at odds with the novel's overall tone. But when the attention stays with Ben – his dilemma as a white liberal and his increasing sense that South Africa's problems spring less from the malevolence of its security police than from the complacency of its white middle class – then Brink is on firmer ground. Though its subject is South Africa today, *A Dry White Season* is in many ways an old-fashioned English novel, its hero a 'little man' in the line of Dickens's Stephen Blackpool or Orwell's Winston Smith, its underlying philosophy a liberal humanist one:

The end seems ineluctable: failure, defeat, loss.

The only choice I have left is whether I am prepared to salvage a little honour, a little decency, a little humanity – or nothing.

Philip Norman's *The Skater's Waltz* is another text which seems uneasy ('anxious', as they say) about its fictional status. In this case, though, what threatens to overwhelm the fiction is not politics or journalism, but simply nostalgia for childhood. There has rarely been a more detailed recreation of childhood than this one. As the epigraph from Baudelaire forewarns ('J'ai plus de souvenirs que si j'avais mille ans'), everything that could possibly be remembered about growing up in the late 1940s and early 1950s is recorded with loving and indulgent detail: it's all there, down to the last Dinky toy, or Tizer, or Dan Dare versus the Mekons episode. But the problem with such accumulation of memory is that it quickly becomes an end in itself: the narrative possibilities suggested by the opening of the book – how is it that an eleven-year-old boy comes to have been living for months in his parents' house without his parents being there? – aren't fully exploited in what follows. This is a pity, because the strategy of the novel has clearly been well thought out: imprisoned as we are in the consciousness of a child, we have to learn to make more sense of events than he does, and this in theory should make the reading of the book an interesting challenge. Certainly there are occasions when the gap between the innocent narrator and the knowing reader is used to good effect: we pick up long before Louis does the marital tensions between his parents – the rows, depressions, adulteries, departures and reconciliations; we also know that when Louis's grandmother, Nanny Belmayne, speaks of 'bailing out' her son, she's talking not about boats but about financial difficulties. But Philip Norman doesn't in the end allow enough adult intrusion into the childhood world, and though he never succumbs to outright sentimentality is ultimately too protective of Louis, too intoxicated by memory to want to use or shape it for fictional purposes.

Much of Richard Hughes's *In the Lap of Atlas* isn't quite fiction either. Though on the face of it a collection of stories from Hughes's Moroccan days (he was there on several occasions between 1926 and 1932), most of the tales turn out to be Arabian Night-like anecdotes passed on to him by his servant Hamed, and the two impressive pieces that remain are as much travel-writing as fiction. Still, the collection is worth it for those two. The title piece is a brief but vivid account of a mule trip through the Atlas mountains, with bizarre reminiscences and more-than-merely-touristic insights. 'A Woman to Talk to', as Richard Poole explains in a useful introduction, draws on material entrusted to Hughes by the family of W.B. Harris, a *Times* correspondent who was based in Tangier for nearly 50 years: out of his material, Hughes creates the splendid tale of 'the Great Kaid', a cruel tyrant prince eventually outwitted by the vengeful Abdselam.

Deputy Literary Editor New Statesman

Applicants for the post should write to the Literary Editor by 8 October, describing their qualifications, their particular interests, and previous positions they have held.

The Literary Review

Friday 5th October

Doris Lessing: The Maimie Papers.
Paul Bailey on Naipaul.

A. S. Byatt on the new Golding.
W. W. Robson/Nicolas Walter:
Alternative Views: Competition.

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She

The Maimie Papers edited by Ruth Rosen & Sue Davidson *Virago* £9.95 and £3.75

The author of these letters, renamed Maimie Pinzer by the editors, was born in 1885 in Philadelphia. The family's modest prosperity came to a brutal end when Maimie's father was murdered. She was taken out of school at the age of 13 to help with the housework and earn her keep at a department store by a mother who clearly had no love for her bright daughter and preferred her three sons. Maimie's only sister spent her adult life in a mental institution, neglected by everyone except Maimie. When Maimie, still only 13 years old, stayed out with the boys for several nights, her mother and uncle had her arrested and put in prison, from where she went to a reform school.

Maimie was understandably bitter about this experience since the same uncle had been molesting her since early childhood. When she came out of the home for wayward girls at the age of 14 she broke with her family and embarked on a life of sin, spent several years in Boston with a lover, and was riddled with venereal disease by the age of 20. She spent a year in various charity hospitals, lost her left eye in the first of 31 surgical operations, and had to wear a patch for the rest of her life. This became a dreadful handicap in her attempts to earn an honest living though not, she found to her surprise, in making a dishonest one. In 1906 Maimie married a carpenter as an anchor, only to find him a millstone. She finally told him about her sinful past to be rid of him.

Maimie's life is revealed to us in this remarkable collection of letters, written between 1910 and 1922 to Fanny Quincy Howe, a literary lady of Boston who, together with a Mr Welsh, helped Maimie to start a new life, with money, advice and sympathy. Maimie opened her heart to Mrs Howe, and used the letters as a sort of diary. Unfortunately Mrs Howe's letters have not been preserved, but she obviously became a substitute for the loving mother that Maimie never had, just as Herbert Welsh became a father figure. Their photographs stood on her desk, and she was touchingly anxious not to betray their trust by weakening, and taking the easy primrose path. She found it hard going: a would-be employer only had to see the eye patch to send her packing, and since her eyelid had been removed it was impossible to fit a glass eye. When she found casual employment the wages were not enough to keep body and soul together, and Maimie was fastidious, she liked good clothes, white gloves and regular baths, and refused to do the sort of back-breaking work expected of working-class women.

But the life revealed in these letters moves from tragedy to triumph. Though the letters also have value as documents of social history their central interest lies in the remarkable development of one woman. Maimie started life with everything against her – her sex, her social class, and her own family. The last

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factor was probably the most important, since Maimie never ceased to be pained by the hostile attitude of her mother and brothers, just as she was deeply hurt by the social ostracism of 'good' women. It is impossible to say what would have become of her without friends like Mrs Howe, but with their help she gained confidence, self-respect, and finally, respectability. She learned stenography, and was able to hold down a reasonable office job. She developed a real love for good literature, and passed on her enthusiasm to everyone who came within her orbit. As her own troubles become less pressing we find her writing about the problems of people she befriends, and her generosity to others, including her own beastly family, often prompts her to give her very last dollar. She moved to Montreal, showed remarkable verve and initiative in setting up her own business, but had to close down during the slump which followed the outbreak of the first world war. With financial

help from her middle-class friends she then did her best work, opening a home for young prostitutes. Maimie knew that she was uniquely equipped to help them. Meanwhile she had found the money for a divorce and married the devoted Ira Benjamin, a man with a heart as large as her own.

Nobody knows what happened to Maimie, since the collection of letters stops in 1922. We do know that she was still growing. In the last paragraph of the final letter she writes:

I want to go to school - i.e. I want to take up the study of something. I am fearful lest my equipment is inadequate. I haven't any idea what I should aim for, and above it all, I am so afraid that I overestimate the worthwhileness of it. I haven't discussed this with Ira, mainly because in his estimation I know now more than anyone alive! However, I know what I have yet to know.

Having read these letters from cover to cover, I am inclined to agree with Ira's estimation.

Juliet Mitchell

Infancy and the Unconscious

Karen Horney: Gentle Rebel of Psychoanalysis

by JACK L. RUBINS *Weidenfeld* £10

Psychoanalytic Politics by SHERRY TURKLE

Burnett Books/Deutsch £6.95

Klein by HANNA SEGAL *Fontana* £1.50

Freud in Germany (Psychological Issues, Vol.

XI, No 1, Monograph 41) by HANNAH S. DECKER *International Universities, USA*

The trouble with psychoanalysis for the layman is that it is either too easily comprehended or it is incomprehensible. At different points in his biography of Karen Horney, Jack Rubins comments, first, on a conspiracy of silence that excluded Horney's contributions from psychoanalytic mention and, secondly, on the fact that students in their need for rules found her logical, lucid and easy to follow. Maybe the two facts are connected: Horney so simplified the difficulties of the psychoanalytic terrain that she made it comprehensible but not - from an analytical viewpoint - very interesting. There is a thinness to both her life and work which, unfortunately, is on the whole reflected rather than commented on in this study.

At the other end of the scale we have the work of the analysts, Melanie Klein and Jacques Lacan. Lacan blames the degeneration of psychoanalysis on to Freud's easy comprehensibility. In his own style Lacan would emulate the outrageous and outlandish difficulty of the psychoanalytic subject matter, an 'unconscious' discourse not of logic and reason but of apparently 'meaningless' associations, puns and poetry. Sherry Turkle's is a readable account of the heady stuff of Parisian psychoanalytic politics centring around the presence or absence of Lacan. She gives an interesting explanation of the efflorescence of psychoanalysis after May 1968 and wisely introduces Lacan's analytical theories only briefly and illustratively, not leaving herself too much space in which to be wrong.

The difficulty of Melanie Klein is another matter. One feels that Klein wrote so much

from the pressure of clinical observations that usually she did not take time, or was not interested in standing back and transforming these into the language of theory. Often what she witnesses of unconscious experience gets lifted wholesale into the theoretical superstructure which thus becomes an untransmuted description of processes: good breast, bad breast, envy, faecal penis, combined parents and so on. As the area of psychoanalytic observation - the unconscious - expresses itself in a very different language from that of rational discourse, this tendency of Klein's makes her work difficult for readers not familiar with psychoanalytic practice and concepts. Though occasionally Hanna Segal does write a little too much from inside her subject she has done a wonderful job of presenting Klein's work so that it is understandable without losing any of the important and necessary aspect of its difficulty - the difficulty of its subject matter.

And what of Freud himself? In an interesting study Hannah Decker both corrects and confirms Freud's account of his 'splendid isolation' at the turn of the century. For a complex tissue of reasons, Freud's work, was neither ignored, as he claimed, nor accepted. One reason was his language. Ironically, just as later Freud's non-scientific language made it too easily assimilated by the general public in America, so in Germany it made it unacceptable to a large part of the medical community that had been struggling for decades to separate science from artistic or philosophic modes of thought. In a scientific atmosphere that valorised the unpretentious pursuit of the limited and the measurable, Freud applied his universalistic and speculative theories to an area that was considered unknowable in a language that he forged from popular idiom and the arts as much as from the sciences. Although the psychoanalytic stress on the significance of sexuality is usually blamed for the distrust of Freud's work his ideas in general and their linguistic expression could

hardly have proved acceptable against a background of philosophical idealism, empiricism and the kind of chauvinism that regarded hysteria (the field in which Freud worked initially) as an unGermanic disease.

In the 1890s Freud offered an account of hysteria in terms of a childhood sexual event (later this was a desire) that is unacceptable to consciousness, which is therefore repressed but inadequately so; hence it returns in adulthood as a memory expressed in a bodily symptom that in its turn has its roots in its association with the original experience. The hysterical symptom disappears if the memory it stands for is recaptured. The theory and therapy were closely linked. Freud partly rejected, greatly modified, and added enormously to this early model; but two features of it, through all the permutations of his understanding of them, remained constant as the central concerns of his work: the possibility of understanding the unconscious and the determining role of infantile sexuality in human life.

The unconscious and infantile sexuality come together in Freud's notion of the Oedipus complex and its dissolution through the castration complex as the central event in man's psychic formation. The internalised taboo on incest with the mother – a prohibition conveyed by the figure of a father – causes the installation of repressed forbidden wishes in the unconscious: they can return in later life as neurotic symptoms or their energy can be transferred into legitimate pursuits. Hence Freud referred to the Oedipus complex as the 'nucleus of the neurosis'. At the point of the dissolution of the Oedipus complex the child knows where he fits into the human scheme – as child, boy or girl.

The authors described in three of these books all take radically different stands in relation to Freud's thesis on the Oedipus complex. Midway through her theoretical work Karen Horney broke with Freud and psychoanalysis, but her later ideas are essentially the working out and formulation of her earlier stances. Horney reverses Freud. She argues that from birth there is a healthy 'self' in each individual which needs to be fostered by a warm parental environment. Failure of affection produces a basic anxiety which is defended against by the creation of an idealised self which is the source of all neurosis. Sexuality grows straight or crooked according to the satisfactoriness or otherwise of an affectionate environment. Neurosis is not determined in childhood but is produced by the individual's ability to respond to what is acceptable or not to a particular culture. One is born 'normal' and society – in small or at large – in conjunction with the potentialities of one's 'real' self ensures whether or not one continues to be so. Even at the time of her break with the New York Psychoanalytic Institute, many colleagues regarded Karen Horney's position as only a legitimate extension of 'ego psychology'. Ego psychology, basing itself on one of Freud's later models of the mind, contends that there is a healthy part of the ego with which the therapist must make an alliance in the effort to overcome 'unhealthy' neurotic tendencies.

It is against ego psychology that Jacques Lacan directs his polemic. Lacan would return us to the Freud of the Oedipus complex and the castration complex. Language and elaborate sexual rules distinguish human society from other animal groups. It is the inaugura-

tion of these two factors in the individual that occurs with the Oedipus complex and the castration complex. Punning on the phonal similarities in French of 'non' and 'nom', Lacan comments that it is in his own name as possessor of the mother that the symbolic father says 'no' to the child's forbidden desires and thereby places him in the human order. To Lacan ego psychologists offend against Freud in many ways but not least in the assumption that a human being is born a human being and not made at the moment of the installation of language and the human order within him.

From this perspective, Horney's preoccupation with the 'influence' of culture on an already existent person is sociology not psychoanalysis. Rubins is right to call it a 'personology'. But though Lacan's polemic is against ego psychology, the more one reads his work, the more one senses that the hidden enemy who is worth the trouble of fighting is Melanie Klein (and to a certain degree other object-relations theorists not represented in the books under review).

Klein's great contribution is in the area of understanding psychosis and in analysing children through her insight that play could communicate as fully as could the adult's verbal associations in the analytic setting. But if for the purposes of presentation we take Freud's work as our reference point, then, I think, perhaps to an even greater extent than Segal stresses, Klein takes her departure from it. Klein moves the Oedipus complex back in time arguing that the permutations of desire and its prohibition are all to be found within the infant's earliest phantasised relation to the mother's body which initially contains within it the father's penis. By implication, this means that it is not the father's 'no' (symbolic of the social prohibition) that forbids incest but the baby's own anxiety about its dangerous wishes that establishes the psychic dynamic of desire and the defences against it.

Explicitly, castration anxiety is only one among several manifestations of a primary basic anxiety. The despecifying of the Oedipus complex and the relegation of the castration complex involve again the notion that the human being is born as such – in Klein's terms: the baby already has enough of an ego.

We have here two Freuds: Lacan's Freud where the human being is created in the Oedipus and castration complexes, neither of which come at any one time, but which are lying in wait for the human animal in the language we speak around it that specifies its place, tells it where it stands, what it can and cannot do. And there is Klein's Freud which, despite structuralist elements such as those Segal points out in relation to Klein's important concepts of a paranoid-schizoid and depressive position, shares with all object-relations theories a developmental perspective. The baby is born essentially a human being and gradually becomes more so through its psychic interaction with those around it, through the complicated play and swapping over of its innate impulses and their human objects.

The third Freud is the most generally available Freud: Horney is a symptom of it. That is the use of psychoanalytic language without reference to its pursuit of a systematic understanding of the unconscious and the place of sexuality in the human order. On musing on the subjects of these four books, I have found myself thinking that the two objects of psychoanalytic investigation have been confused within psychoanalysis itself. Essentially interdependent though they are, the structure of the unconscious and the effects of infantile sexuality are not the same thing. Lacan has set his face against this confusion. It has been a most fruitful one, as the work of Klein bears witness. Sometimes too much clarity such as Lacan's can darken the minds of his audience. On the other hand, confusions are at the very least confusing. . .

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The Price was High by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli *Quartet*
£12.50

When F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote to Ernest Hemingway in 1929 that 'the *Post* now pays the old whore \$4,000 a screw', he was referring to his fee for one of the short stories in this collection. All his life Fitzgerald wrote stories for money, and the money was good, whether or not the stories were. In fact, the cash tally in this final culling of Fitzgerald's commercial work often shows an inverse relation between quality rendered and pelf received. In 1934, the year that *Tender is the Night* was published, Fitzgerald's book royalties were \$58.35, while 'No Flowers', a three-generation schlock fleuve tale about Princeton proms, fetched \$3,000, more than twice the average American annual income.

Fitzgerald was fond of saying that he wrote his stories to finance his novels, and it is true that the short story form never really interested him. His finest stories – 'Babylon Revisited', 'Crazy Sunday', 'One Trip Abroad' – are valuable for style and psychological myths, not for their shape. Fitzgerald systematically raided these stories for phrases, characters and moods he could reuse, but he left the plots and structures to rot.

In 1935 Fitzgerald used Hemingway as model for the butch hero of some embarrassing medieval tales, one of which Professor Bruccoli reprints here: 'What I say goes in

these parts', says Philippe of Villefranche, referring to Touraine. But he never used Hemingway's short story model of few significant actions and ritualised dialogue, perhaps because Hemingway's work rests upon a fatalism that needs only a touch of incident, while Fitzgerald's complex illusions need to be worked through a great variety of events before their full weight of chagrin can be felt.

At the end of *The Great Gatsby* Fitzgerald's stunning image of America as a 'green breast' asking to be violated draws upon all of *Gatsby*'s accumulated longing for the 'green light' displayed by the rich girl Daisy. Like America, Daisy is simultaneously innocent and utterly corrupt, a capitalist princess up for grabs to the strongest bidder. In this collection, the rejected social climbing hero of the charming 'Dice, Brass Knuckles and Guitar' stands like *Gatsby* 'behind some dark bushes' outside a great summer house 'with laughter inside and the plaintive wind of fashionable horns'. This lightweight hero, however, has his princess standing beside him, and they are soon invited inside, the Twenties fantasy of optimism outweighing Fitzgerald's obsessive personal fantasy of the parvenu in love.

The Price was High forms a useful corrective to the belief that a great writer's trial runs bear some intimate stamp of inspiration, always making a *Stephen Hero* to lend a richer colour to the finished *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. These stories are startlingly populated with the types of *Gatsby*, Daisy, the Divers, Tommy Barban – in fact Fitzgerald's whole ark of dreamers, flappers and shits – but in every single case the reworked fictional product is less conventional, deeper, more intimate than the sketch.

Fitzgerald tried to write good bad stories which, like the good bad movies they were occasionally made into, might have a satisfyingly consistent cheapness. Instead he wrote

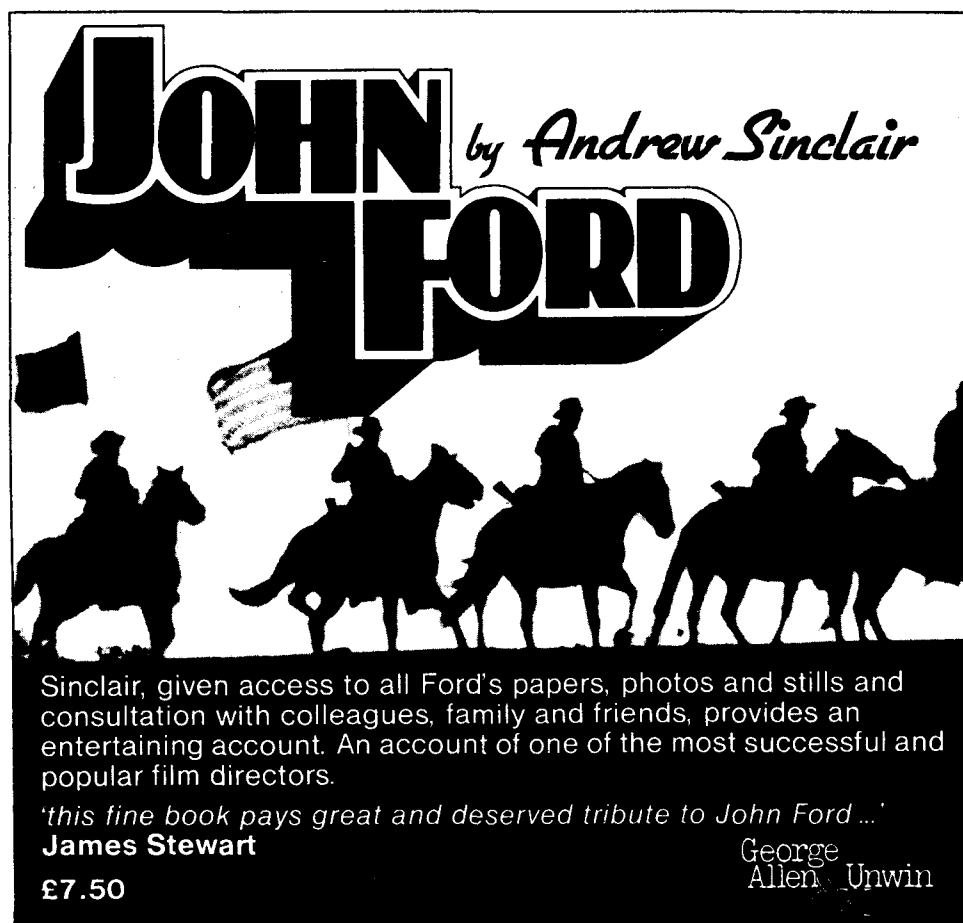
brilliant bad stories. Even in these dregs Fitzgerald could not write an ugly sentence. Indeed, the worse the story the more striking its distinctively modern disjunction between a self-sustaining authentic language and a plot that cries out to be disbelieved. In the most hackneyed story there is still some magic, the table napkin turning into a swan before turning back into a table napkin.

In 'Two for a Penny', one of several stories about a successful man returning to his roots, the 'pristine hideousness and discomfort' of the hero's childhood home 'means nothing to me – nothing', and Fitzgerald deepens the absurdity of this quest as a local nobody tells how his own plans for escape failed for want of a lost penny, when the hero, an unambitious youth, escaped to success without really deserving to: and then Fitzgerald trashes his story. On the very same day of the lost penny our hero just happened to find a shiny penny that made up his train fare. There are about a dozen endings like this, and about another dozen trick reversal endings.

In 'Echoes of the Jazz Age', Fitzgerald considered that *This Side of Paradise* was a best-seller because it caught a mood of pent-up energy that the first world war had not released. These stories also catch a great social impulse, but it is the enduring need of industrial society for highly deterministic illusion, dreams tightly packaged in candy-box plots. The 'real' settings accepted by Fitzgerald's millions of readers were actually the unreal put in plurals: 'absurdly high' skirts, 'enormous and astounding' houses, 'rooms that throbbed incessantly with this low sweet fever'. The tone asks the reader for a knowing assent that he is familiar with these things, and gives him the pleasure of experiencing them vicariously. Now and then splashes of local colour are added for authenticity, so that a dreamer refreshes himself with 'a big gloom-dispelling Corona' and a baby vamp dances a 'Slow Chicago with a Memphis Sideswoop'.

When Fitzgerald's magazine publications lagged after the mid-Thirties, it wasn't that his formula of atmosphere, reversal and a final clinch had dated. It was simply that Fitzgerald had lost 'the Fitzgerald touch'. There was, he wrote, 'less weather', less psychic capital to draw on. In popular culture the Thirties weren't an era of realism but of fantasy, and Fitzgerald, under editorial instruction to provide happy endings, worked in a dream factory, as he recognised in 1937 by moving to Hollywood.

Fitzgerald published 164 stories and wrote four and a half novels. In both quantity and quality the proportion is wrong. Fitzgerald the parvenu wrote stories to give Zelda a life of fast luxury she got hooked on, and he wrote stories to buy himself the costly illusion that writing, like playing the stock market, could be done on margin, because capital was endless and the market was always going to rise. After the crack-up, more stories bought Zelda the best sanatoriums and still more stories paid for Scott's binges. Scott was a writer, the finest natural stylist in American literature. Zelda was a capitalist princess who diffused what talent she had and consumed the labour of those who produced toys for her. Scott and Zelda together were a mechanism for consuming each other. Fitzgerald didn't write these stories to buy time for writing the novels, he wrote them to destroy the novels, because the novels were the life he was busy destroying.



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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Peter Porter

Renaissance Radio

Aubrey Singer, Controller of BBC Radio, is emerging as a firm defender of Network Broadcasting. This is the real significance of his talk given to the recent conference on radio in Edinburgh. To ensure that Radios 1, 2, 3 and 4 can be heard, with whatever local modifications, throughout Britain, he has made suggestions and offered possible courses of action to satisfy the many lobbies preoccupied with local autonomy and specialist interests. His prime aim, however, is to keep BBC Radio a national enterprise, and to build up public interest in it. The policy of the IBA must, of course, be the opposite of the BBC's since its duty, in radio terms, is to serve local communities. Much of IBA publicity material disguises the parochial nature of Independent Radio.

The point made by Stephen Hearst remains, however – it is impossible to imagine the loss, not just to public service broadcasting, but to every department of British life, if the BBC were to abandon its ancient role as protector and nurturer of arts and entertainment in Britain. An IBA station can outbid the BBC for a concert with Bernstein and the Vienna Philharmonic, but what is that against the BBC's daily record of orchestras maintained, concerts broadcast and plays commissioned and produced?

A perfect example of the BBC's imaginative sponsorship of an expensive and difficult project was broadcast recently, and I must trespass on to a colleague's domain to report it. This was Radio 3's concert in St. John's, Smith Square, of *The Florentine Intermedi of 1589*. Anyone who has ever looked into a history of music knows that opera was born at the Medici court at the turn of the 17th century when classics-haunted poets and musicians tried to revive the art of Greek declamation. But few people have heard any of the massive propaganda exercises by musicians glorifying the Medici which were the immediate forerunners of Peri's *Eurydice* and the like. It was a performance of all six of these interludes which the BBC undertook to commission and broadcast. The whole enterprise came under the auspices of the European Broadcasting Union, and was heard in almost every part of the world.

The music, though not the dancing and the pageantry, reproduced exactly the celebrations attendant on the Grand Duke of Tuscany's wedding. Aids to understanding did not cease there. The BBC published a booklet giving the texts of the *Intermedi* together with background essays on the music and its origins in the Florentine state. It also broadcast preliminary talks – one by Professor Sternfield on the music, and one by Dr Iain Fenlon on *The Politics of Spectacle*, which was a brilliant account of the part played by music and theatre in Medici political strategy. The broadcast was not a let-down – it had a sense of occasion and magnificence which positively hummed over the air. By all accounts, listen-

ing on the radio was more enthralling than sitting in the unhallowed spaces of St. John's. Musica Reservata fielded a team of experts in Renaissance music which could hardly be equalled anywhere in the world, and as the exemplary tableaux of classical instances advanced, culminating in *The Descent of Rhythm and Harmony* praising Duke Ferdinand in an accumulative dance metre, I got a sense of formal if brooding majesty, which wandering through Cosimo's and Vasari's Florence has never given me.

The performers excelled themselves, though the sound of so many plucked and beaten instruments became unwieldy at times. I doubt, though, that Signora Archilei who opened for the Medici in 1589 sang with such skill and bravura as Emma Kirkby. Propaganda music has character traits in common across the centuries and the deep sound of a Renaissance massed band and choir praising a paternalistic tyrant reminded me of nothing so much as Cornelius Cardew's Maoist unisons in *The Great Learning*, broadcast from a Prom some years ago. Without radio (BBC radio that is), these *Intermedi* would probably have gone unplayed for another four hundred years.

Christopher Hitchens recently attacked the Thatcher Government in these pages for cutting back external broadcasts in foreign languages. Almost as if in response to him, the BBC decided to let us hear some of the fruits of its famed monitoring service at Caversham in Berkshire. A short programme called *Six Continents* (Radio 3), introduced by Ian McDougall, selected items from home broadcasts of various countries and presented them to us verbatim. At only 15 minutes the programme is too short, though one can see that extending it might intensify the danger of choosing bizarre bits of news of the 'aren't foreigners funny?' sort. As it was, the peculiar information that only half the bees in China are truly Chinese strayed in this direction. *Six Continents* is really a wide-angled version of *The Arts World Wide*, and that programme is due to be axed.

Among this week's contributors:

TOM PAULIN is the author of *A State of Justice* (Faber, 1977).

STEVEN LUKES is a Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and author of *Emile Durkheim: His Life and Work, Individualism and Power, A Radical View*.

EVA FIGES's books include *Patriarchal Attitudes, Nelly's Version* and *Little Eden*.

HELEN MCNEIL teaches English at the University of East Anglia.

JULIET MITCHELL's books include *Psychoanalysis and Feminism*.

GODFREY HODGSON, who worked as a reporter in Washington for many years, is now presenter of the *London Programme* (LWT) and is working on a book about the American presidency.

Coriolanus (Radio 3) got under way to the sound of a chorus intoning the hero's name to the notes and rhythms of football's 'We are the greatest', and Mike Steer's music remained unhelpful throughout. Acting, however, was uniformly excellent, and it is a great aid to concentration to follow some of Shakespeare's least-loved verse free from physical reminders of how unpleasant everyone on the stage is. Shakespeare's endearingly low metaphors strike through the ether tellingly – 'Penelope . . . did but fill Ithaca with moths', and 'as easy as set dogs on cattle'. Richard Pasco's incisiveness introduced a note of self-hate into Coriolanus's speeches which was new and convincing. For once the tribunes were not made fatuous by the producer. A notable production of a difficult play. Programme to look forward to – a four-part series *Tales from the Dark Continent* (Radio 4) already begun, and full of such interesting details as the fact that native African girls who lived with lonely British administrators never got pregnant.

Art

John Spurling

Shah's Share

Wonders of the Age *British Museum*

David Bomberg: *The Later Years Whitechapel*

At the time Michelangelo was working on the Medici chapel and incidentally creating the modern stereotype of the relationship between an artist and his paymaster, Shah Tahmasp of Persia was presiding over one of the greatest collaborative masterpieces ever made. Fifteen different hands have been detected in the illustrations to Tahmasp's version of *The Book of Kings* – the 10th-century Iranian national epic, which had been illustrated often before, but never so sumptuously – and it took some 12 years to complete. A few years later, in 1539, Tahmasp commissioned five of the same artists to illustrate the much smaller *Quintet* – 12th-century poems by Nizami – which was finished in 1543. But the Shah did not just order the manuscripts, pay the wages and leave the artists to get on with it. His role seems to have been nearer that of the producer of a series of TV plays. He took part in choosing the subjects, in assigning them to particular artists, in consulting previous versions and in laying out the volumes page by page. When Tahmasp lost interest in art – perhaps even before the completion of the *Quintet* – and initiated, with an edict of 'Severe Repentance', a kind of cultural revolution, painting more or less ended in Persia for the time being and several of his hitherto favoured artists moved to the court of the Mughal Emperor in India.

Tahmasp gave his *Book of Kings* to the Turkish Sultan in 1569. It passed not long ago from Edmond de Rothschild to Arthur A. Houghton Jr. and others. The *Quintet* was acquired by the BM in 1880. The British

Library's exhibition, which travels, after 28 October, to Washington, DC, and Cambridge, Massachusetts, brings together a selection of illustrations from these two books for the first time since they left Tahmasp's possession.

Persian miniature painting only reached its full maturity in the generation immediately before that of the three masters – Sultan-Muhammad, Mir Musavvir and Aqa-Mirak – who led Tahmasp's team. Their work and that of their younger assistants therefore combines a dazzling freshness, almost a naiveté, with a sophistication in draughtsmanship, colour and composition which usually comes only at the end of a long tradition. The paintings are stylised and two-dimensional and the foreground incidents are laid over the background as in a tapestry; yet the wealth of precise detail (the large and small animals, the accoutrements of horses, the weapons, the dishes of food, the tents and their guy ropes, the broken twigs collected for a camp-fire) and the animation of flat space through the imaginative placing of these details, suggest a world of complete reality. On top of this, the figures (and in many scenes the horses too) create, both individually and collectively, a second level of narrative reality. Their faces are on the whole inexpressive or, like the painted faces of Chinese actors, only partially so, and their bodies are without volume, but their fluent gestures, their elegant or energetic poses and above all their physical relationship to one another create a complex mosaic of activity and emotion. Take, for example, Mir Musavvir's 'The Nightmare of Zuhhak', in which a whole palace is shown astir, the soldiers on the roof, the women in their apartments, the courtiers in the throne-room, the watchman in the garden. One's eye roams everywhere, as through a disturbed ant-heap in which every ant is individually interesting, until it comes to rest at last on the hunched, grey-faced old king sitting up in his bedroom and staring out across the picture. He is no longer screaming, but as one leaves him and goes another round of the appalled palace inmates, he seems to begin again. The whole Zuhhak sequence – the story is not unlike Macbeth's – from his murder of King Mardas to his own ignominious punishment by the destined successor, Faridun, is told at this level of intensity by three different artists.

In effect these miniatures are the chapters of visual novels, which, drawing on the special skills of each artist in turn, can encompass battles, court-scenes, desert encampments, hunts, love-affairs, heroic encounters with monsters and even a duel of poison and antidote between two doctors (what a TV sport that would make for the long winter evenings!) with equal panache. But beyond that they are masterpieces of colour. In the hands of Aqa-Mirak or Sultan-Muhammad colour is used expressionistically to infuse rocks, clouds and foliage with a sense of inward, otherworldly power, as if the actions of men were constantly played out against a vision of paradise. This vision becomes rapturously explicit in Sultan-Muhammad's 'The Ascent of the Prophet to Heaven', where the veiled Mahomet, giving off a sheet of golden flame, riding a human-headed horse and surrounded by rainbow-winged angels, floats into the blue above whorls of foam-like cloud. Mir Musavvir, on the other hand, whom Stuart Cary Welch in his indispensable catalogue calls 'the gentlest and least assertive' of the three senior masters, can pile colour on col-

our, pattern on pattern, with the utmost formality and geometrical rigour to suggest, in the almost incredibly virtuoso bedroom scene 'Ardashir and the Slave Girl Gulmar', the labyrinths of merely human passion. *Wonder of the Age* is the one show in London at present which no one should miss; yet there are no queues to be seen curling round the BM forecourt.

David Bomberg saw himself as the 20th-century heir to the tactile tradition of Giotto, Michelangelo and Cézanne. He was, too, for most of his life the very model of the alienated, neglected and impoverished master. In spite of several retrospectives since his death in 1957, he is still too often thought of as a gifted pre-first world war abstractionist who went wrong. That he was a master and that his lonely 40-year stand against the established modes of Post-Cubist art was justified by his work is magnificently and, one hopes, at last definitively demonstrated by the Whitechapel's exhibition, which contains the full range of his mature work – portraits, landscapes, flower-paintings, underground bomb-stores and charcoal drawings. Since I have written the introduction to the catalogue and am not an impartial witness I will say no more.

Television

Julian Barnes

Platitudes

Tonight was always a rather unsatisfying macedoine of a show, about which one never expected to feel nostalgic, but at least at the end of an evening it helped down the last few fingers of booze by giving some sort of impression of what the world was about. The 'new autumn look' on BBC-1 has brought in its stead a trio of chat-shows, making the midweek slot more trivial, more media-referring, even more transient. Tuesday's show, *Question Time* (BBC-1), manages to do what only professional cynics would ever have believed possible: translate the crucifying boredom of *Any Questions* into television terms. The format closely followed its radio counterpart: 'topical questions' put by what Robin Day assured us were 'a very good collection of people' to a quartet consisting of one politician of the left, one of the right, a tame cleric, plus a 'colour' person – in this case Edna O'Brien. The panel (I have recorded their conclusions in case you'd like to write them down in your commonplace book) strongly hoped that the Pope's visit to Ireland would help the cause of peace; strongly disapproved of the treatment of the Rome zebras; were strongly against unemployment; strongly disliked any undermining of the free public library system; had mixed feelings about corporal punishment; and strongly believed in the intrinsic goodness of our much-maligned youngsters. (Why doesn't someone on one of these shows – if only to be unpredictable – ever have a nasty, mean, accurate word to say for today's youth?) The audience took it all fairly passively, declaring themselves largely satisfied with the answers they received and being roused to a mild

frisson of excitement only when the camera-flirting Edna O'Brien twice gave a lilting plug for adultery. She ended by describing her 'perfect night out'. 'It would be to go out with a man I love who was quite generous and bought me champagne and didn't say it cost £1.80 a glass and *above all* didn't tell me how much he loved his wife.' May she quickly manage to live out this typist's fantasy, and may it prove as cosily domestic as she made it sound.

Wednesday's show, the midweek *Parkinson* (BBC-1), has a new gimmick: using the same format, the same tune, the same studio, and the same intros as Saturday night *Parkinson*. After such shocks, the first programme settled down to interview a trio of quite outstandingly smug people. The former Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn ('I've never sought to conceal my origins,' as he put it) was there to show how serious *Parkinson* can be; he told an excruciating story, designed to prove the breadth of his popular appeal, about going into a motorway cafe and being served bacon and eggs by a woman who refused to accept his money (so who lost out? was the question Parky didn't put – the answer being not Benn, not the woman, but the cafe owner, of course).

Dorian Williams was there to prove that none of us is homosexual, by telling stories of how he resisted the advances of the other boys at Harrow; our host, for once, didn't actually use his famous phrase 'Did anyone ever pick you for a wrong 'un?', though he had a good chuckle with 'Was he after your body?' Finally and most awfully, Stewart Granger was there to remind us that we are all stakhanovite heterosexuals. 'And for two years we had a ball... the girls... we had a BALL.' By turns Granger over-acted the treacly parent – 'I have one favourite girl in the world – my daughter Lindsey (*kiss to camera*) – Lindsey, I love you'; the raffish cad – 'I don't know if I should say this, but certain ladies do... pong a bit'; and finally the tormented, self-examining autobiographer – 'The strange thing about writing is you go back to your beginnings and see all the mistakes you've made. I've made many mistakes, Mike.' One extra mistake (common to many actors on chat shows) is failing to realise that not everyone can be David Niven.

Thursday's show, *Shirley Williams in Conversation* (BBC-1), opened with Hugh Scanlon tracing the changing relations of the unions with the Heath and Callaghan governments. Though Mrs Williams – without a clipboard in sight – showed the warmth, relaxation, and linguistic facility a natural interviewer should have (and which both Parky and Robin Day lack), the show's first 20 minutes was a real bum-number of the sort which only someone who pastes the 'Notes on Politics and Power' section of this paper into his scrapbook would want to listen to. Towards the end, though, an infusion of liveliness took place with a few questions about Scanlon's personal political beliefs. At the end he was asked why he accepted a peerage, and sidestepped with a bizarre parable. 'Well, I had a maiden aunt and when asked why she stayed a maiden aunt she said, "Well, it's easier to defend a castle that's never been attacked".' A few months ago there was an NS comp in which you had to make up meaningless proverbs like 'The tallest trees grow nearest the sky'. Perhaps there should be a new comp for meaningless parables.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Post-Coital Tristesse

Ecstasy by MIKE LEIGH *Hampstead*

Men's Beano by NIGEL BALDWIN *Warehouse*

The Padlock by DIBDIN and BICKERSTAFF and

Miss In Her Teens by GARRICK *Old Vic*

It is a racing certainty that a new British play called *Ecstasy* will devote itself to charting the scarp between the dumps and doldrums, and so, of course, it turns out at Hampstead. Jean spends her days ringing up the cash-register and staring at the wall in a self-service garage, and her evenings and nights feeling even more trapped by the four walls of a tatty bed-sit somewhere in the grey-brick rain-forests of North London. The play begins with her post-coital tristesse ('good that, wennit?' grunts the monosyllabic boor as he buttons up his shirt and mooches back to his sabretoothed wife) and ends with her sobbing apologetically to the well-meaning but befogged admirer she rejected years before: 'I just

wanted to have a good time: I was *stupid*.' In between we've seen a prolonged bottle party in which having a good time seems largely to consist in telling yourself you're having a good time and trying not to disbelieve it. It's people like Jean who make last-gasp phone-calls to the Samaritans at 4 o'clock on Sunday mornings, having been left for dead by contemporary equivalents of the thieves in the parable: profit-hungry employers, inconsiderate planners, bad landlords, uncommunicative neighbours, insensitive friends, wham-bang lovers, and all the other participants in the great British treasure-hunt: would-be ecstasies too, but doomed to disappoint themselves and, sometimes, damage others.

We've been brought here or hereabouts often before, but usually by a different variety of transport. Mike Leigh is the pioneer of 'improvised drama' in this country, a concept still misunderstood even by some of my col-

leagues, who seem to think that the only alternative to a one-man bus, with the dramatist driving compliant actors along his own predetermined route, is a bizarre Emmet-like contraption, in which everyone has his own steering wheel and accelerator. Mr Leigh's technique is to talk to each performer alone, encouraging him or her to feel and think his way into the psyche of someone he has actually known, and, after a week or two of discussion, to go out into the streets, shops, pubs and tubes and behave like that person. Then he introduces the characters to each other and to a common situation, and sees what develops from their interaction, himself prodding gently from the sidelines and recording encounters that seem to him to combine honesty with interest. The result is not, as some oddly suppose, improvised freshly each night. What kind of babble of competing egos would that not risk misbegetting? No, each play is scripted and thereafter subjected to no more and no less alteration than one would expect of any production whose director felt that his audiences were puzzled by this passage or anaesthetised by that one. Mr Leigh's *Abigail's Party* is available in print and has been revived by out-of-town reps. The same destiny may await *Ecstasy*, though it is, I think, unlikely to be as popular.

The dangers courted by Mr Leigh are evident: lack of event, plot, dramatic momen-

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tum, and a tendency to labour psychological trait without vastly deepening character. Nor does he altogether avoid them in a drinking scene that, at 100-odd minutes, was clearly too long and repetitive for one of my neighbours, who eventually chose the night air rather than yet more of Stephen Rea's bibulous, garrulous Irishman, excellent though he was at combining gladhandedness with the hint of vulnerability. Yet there's often an authenticity of observation that transmutes embalming fluid into blood and revivifies long-mummified theatrical clichés: a tense, nervous and ugly encounter between Sheila Kelley's Jean and Ron Cook's Roy, a peculiarly grisly sexual predator and yet, we feel, not wholly to blame for his ignorance, brutishness and savage self-pity; Miss Kelley crumpled and keening, while her one-time admirer, played by Jim Broadbent, clumsily clambers down beside her and does his muddled best to cradle her. That this gauche, genial character should get a sudden, embarrassing cramp in the leg as he tries to rise to the emotional occasion isn't the sort of detail that would occur to playwrights whose ways of working were more orthodox than Mr Leigh's. Nor do many dramatists create more plausible, rounded characters. That venerable critical clincher, the 'appeal to nature', may not quite excuse a desultory exchange about loo paper or Mr Rea's zillionth display of alcoholic swank, but it surely helps justify some of the few long-ueurs we're asked to endure here.

There's just one more objection to Mr Leigh's methods, if objection it is; and that is that their emphasis on documentary truth may deprive his work of distinctive moral and intellectual personality. *Ecstasy* presents its human evidence with care and compassion enough, but it may perhaps be accused of failing to analyse, interpret, shape it – and yet, having said that, I can't claim I found more individuality or trenchancy of thought in the somewhat similar lament for wasting and wasted lives concocted for the Warehouse by the one-man committee that calls itself Nigel Baldwin. This time, the subject is a seaside shindig organised by a publican for customers whose idea of ecstasy mostly consists of booze, more booze, and perhaps a little casual sex under a convenient tarpaulin. All, it seems, are trapped and all are ineffectively trying to escape their particular cage, down to the housewife-on-the-lam whom the party picks up en route and Mr Baldwin then uses for superfluous verbal assaults on public-house swagger, sexism and hollow machismo. Superfluous, because we can see from the start that the group tearaways will eventually be revealed as pitiful braggarts desperately searching for reassurance. It's unfortunate for Mr Baldwin, a young playwright not without wit, intelligence or promise, that his play should coincide with Mr Leigh's more exact and observing ennui; but others, as I say, have also been here or hereabouts before, and with more originality and impact.

At the Old Vic there's a celebration of the bicentenary of Garrick's death, which seems slightly perverse, but at least gives those dancing on his grave the opportunity to show us two period trifles, both about pretty virgins affianced to old sticks and languishing for young sprigs. In the comic opera, *The Padlock*, Isla Blair wanders about sadly singing 'sweet robin' to what appears to be a very dead budgie; Nickolas Grace ('me no savvy, massa') is the capering black who helps David

Firth, cannily disguised in an eyepatch, over the garden wall; and David Bacon, wearing what looks like half a sheep on his head, returns to find his fanatic attempts to incarcerate his bride-to-be thwarted. He promptly melts, repents, renounces her, and endorses the play's moral – one unlikely to delight our latter-day feminists: padlocks should be placed, not on a woman's house, but 'on her mind'.

The divine David presented this at Drury Lane in 1768 and, at Covent Garden 21 years earlier, his own *Miss in Her Teens*, a much better piece. His Shakespearean struttings

combine with a natural wit to produce some lively lines – 'angels and ministers of grace, defend me – it's that fretful porcupine, my wife' – and there's a nice scatter of caricatures vying for, again, Miss Blair's favours. Mr Grace's Fribble, a flaunting queen who uses lipsalve, runs a needlework class, and is 'always playing with my fan', is the funniest of them, and, needless to say, the least successful. Once again Mr Firth emerges victorious, and once again an aged swain, this time played by Stanley Lloyd, amiably abandons his prior claim. Perhaps old lechers were nicer then than now.

Rock Music

Mark Kidel

Christ Comes to Malibu

Slow Train Coming Bob Dylan CBS £5.29

Religion and showbusiness have always made curious bed-fellows, but in the USA, a nation built on the quest – material and spiritual – for heaven on earth, the combination has always seemed most natural. A little incongruous for Bob Dylan, the rebel of the Sixties, to put out an entire LP devoted to praising Christ, but not so surprising given his wholly American roots. *Slow Train Coming*, released at the end of last month, is Dylan's first recording since his conversion to Christianity earlier in the year, the outcome of a journey of spiritual renewal that led him a few years ago to visit Israel in search of his Jewish identity. The new album is a quiet hymn of worship, a call to spiritual awakening as the only sane path out of our present despair.

When Elvis Presley 'matured', growing beyond earthly pelvic gyrations to sing traditional southern gospel music, many of his fans saw it as a sign of wetness: sexuality and machismo had no place in church and Elvis had gone respectable. In Dylan's case, the criticism is more likely to be framed in political terms – the revolutionary turned servant of the establishment religion – not least in the light of his simultaneous dig at Marxism and Kissinger on 'When You Gonna Wake Up'.

The teachings of Christ may seem a little odd relayed from a five-million-dollar villa on Malibu Beach, but there is no doubting Dylan's sincerity: you just do not turn Christian in order to boost record sales, and he sings with a conviction and lack of posturing rare in contemporary rock 'n' roll. While some of his earlier recorded works may have strayed into over-literary territory, the simple, crystal-clear accessibility of *Slow Train Coming* is quite disarming, avoiding the exhibitionism of the confessional and the evangelical fervour of the gospel hall. Dylan is by no means the first God-rocker: Pete Townshend, George Harrison and Gerry Rafferty have all in their own ways used the mass medium at their disposal to broadcast a spiritual message, but Dylan, the acknowledged spokesman for a generation, will probably carry more weight. His present expression of faith, which reflects

a cultural shift away from rigid rationality and cynical 'realism', will hardly go unnoticed.

Not since 'The Times They Are a-Changin'' released in the early Sixties, has Dylan so directly pointed the way, and the echoes of that period ring loud throughout the new album: even Dylan's voice seems to have travelled a full circle, displaying now the same emotion and vibrancy that touched so deep in the early years of his career. Ever since 'The Times . . . ' Bob Dylan has slowly edged away from folk and blues towards rock'n'roll, away from politics and towards introspection and the world of symbols. The break – coinciding with the release of 'Highway 61 Revisited' and the adoption of an electric sound – was never quite as clear as his folk purist critics made out, for a concern with the heart rather than the surface of politics has run through much of his work since, but there was undoubtedly a withdrawal from the platform, a retreat from the very attractive naïveté of his 'committed' material. There were exceptions – songs in defence of black heroes like George Jackson – indications that Dylan still cared, but nothing as totally committed as *Slow Train Coming*, an entire LP calling for a basic change in consciousness, an opening up of the heart and a surrender to faith. Dylan's changes reflect a disenchantment with institutional politics shared by many of his generation. They feel that we do not need just a revolution in the political, social and economic fields: we need that badly enough, but there must also be a radical change in the human psyche.

Most surprising of all perhaps is that Dylan should have chosen to record this particular album at the Muscle Shoals Studios, the home of so many hits by musicians as varied as the Osmonds and Wilson Pickett, with producers Barry Beckett and Jerry Wexler. By adopting a black sound most reminiscent of early Seventies' soul and Bobby Bland's Californian recordings, he may be paying homage to blues and soul connections with religion, an important acknowledgment of the inseparability of pain, emotion and spiritual transcendence, a connection that has been almost totally devalued by the commercialism without which rock'n'roll would not exist.

Films

John Coleman

Born to Lose

Mad Dog (X) ICA

Rockers (AA) Classic, Victoria; Screen on the Green; ACE, Brixton and Upton Park

The In-Laws (A) Warner West End 2; Classic, Oxford Street; Scene; ABCs Shaftesbury Avenue, Bayswater, Fulham and Edgware Roads

Lost and Found (AA) Leicester Square Theatre

Airport '80 - The Concorde (A) Empire

With a couple of college 'documentaries', *Swastika* (1973) and *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?* (1975), behind him, the writer-director Philippe Mora turned the following year to an Australian fiction mostly based on fact. From what amounted to crazy jigsaw portraits of Hitler, Roosevelt and Cagney, he switched his fervid attention to a bush-ranger, one Daniel Morgan, almost as famous in his day as Ned Kelly, drawing on a biog-

raphy by Margaret Carnegie and a quantity of aboriginal customs. *Mad Dog* is the outcome, currently on view at the ICA as part of an October season, 'Mad Dogs - Born to Lose', which will include such excellent movies as *Sugarland Express* (the full version), *Salvatore Giuliano*, *Los Olvidados* and the sadly neglected *Bronco Bullfrog*.

The Mora film, a violent, melodramatic affair cut somewhere along the line by 15 minutes, sets off in the goldfields of Victoria in 1854, with that specialist in freakish, faintly unpleasant behaviour, Dennis Hopper as the young Irishman, Morgan, persuading an older pal to join him at an opium den (he has already knocked down a uniformed lout brutalising a Chinese worker): 'it's the best cure for not finding gold,' he mumbles, sucking blissfully on his pipe. There's a raid by men with torches, blood everywhere, his friend gets an eye shot out, he escapes across a river. Monkish music (by Patrick Flynn) swells over portentously photographed burning branches: throughout, a religious score alternates with the native harshness of the didgeridoo, sometimes to effect, far more often as nothing other than an aspiring and inflatory ingredient.

For this Morgan, who now embarks upon a life of crime, is to be awarded something like heroic status, a product of the British penal system, more sinned against than sinning. It

may be those cuts, but the story jerks along bemusingly. After holding up some hillside fellows for clothes and blankets, Morgan is sent up for 12 years by a judge more interested in bird-watching than justice. The judge, in league with bald, sadistic Superintendent Cobham (Frank Thring, apparently modelling himself on Laughton in *Island of Lost Souls*), has a further interest: longer sentences mean more roads, because of the free labour. In prison, Morgan is branded on his hand with an M for 'Malefactor' and, inevitably, raped by huge, pink-bellied cell-mates while a baleful sergeant with a tear-shaped tattoo under his right eye peers down, calling 'Don't kill him or there'll be trouble'. We seem to have been here before.

Paroled after six years for good conduct, Morgan notices skulls in the warden's office, there for a forthcoming visiting lecturer to the staff on the difference between men and beasts. Three years on, says a title, and Morgan, wounded as a horse-thief, is nursed back to health by an aborigine. Billy (David Gulpilil), who initiates him into snake-killing, the manipulation of boomerang and spear, and becomes his constant companion from then till death them doth part. At the end, when Cobham provokes Morgan back to home ground and the increasingly fuddled and weary bandit lets himself be taken, there is a hideous echo of that scene with the warden:

October Film Guide

Klaus Kinski is

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Morgan's scrotum is to be made into a tobacco pouch (earlier, Cobham has barked, 'I want his spleen on my desk by sundown') and his head despatched to an anatomy professor to establish whether its owner was half-human and half-ape. Thus had the raw legend built up.

Within the outer and outrageous bounds of this sordid and disproportionate picture of an outlaw (it generally shows the sort of admiration for him that he earned among ordinary folk in his desperate lifetime), there are some fine things. Hopper is strong on mounting hysteria and right for the part. He grows great whiskers but shaves the moustache when he comes upon a picture of Lincoln. Conventionally, he is proud as the dead-or-alive reward goes from £200 to £1,000. After he has left a bar, the police arrive, to be jeeringly met by an old man bending down and baring his bum at them.

Best of all is the sequence just before the horrifying close, when Morgan holes up with the Macpherson family, keeping them at gun-point, then trying pathetically to summon up proper manners at the grand dining-table while a gentle girl sings at the piano. 'Thank you, Mrs Macpherson, for your good company,' he manages, off to be slaughtered in the morning. It is a strange, unendearing work, but country miles more compelling – in its surrealist fashion – than that Mick Jagger *Ned Kelly*.

Another, altogether more genial piece of exotica is Jamaican-made, Theodoros Bafaloukos's *Rockers*, subtitled to overcome the headier outpourings of patois. (I was fascinated by the peculiar employment of the first person: 'the-I' seemed to equal 'you', 'I-man' the person speaking, and so on; but this 'I' may have got it wrong.) Anyway, 'me vexed, you know,' was clear enough. Horse-mouth, a genuine leading reggae musician and drummer, has had the motorbike he borrowed and scraped for stolen. He wanted it to set up his own record distribution business, undercutting the local 'Mafia'. He goes after it, gets beaten up for his pains, has an extraordinary healing and holy episode out of town ('Lion of Judah' is painted on that bike and there are mysterious Rasta-style bits from the Bible *passim*), and returns to wreak vengeance on the bosses.

The finale, with a whole gang of his friends strutting waveringly one by one towards the camera (no offence, but the richly indigenous occasion reeks of ganja), has Horsemouth and company utterly ransacking the homes of the two boss-crooks as well as their warehouse, then leaving the purloined stuff lying around shanty-town streets, to be delightedly and delightfully descended on by everyone in the morning. Reggae-fans, of course, will have even greater cause for rejoicing: the music hardly lets up.

Now for the grim business of a couple of American comedies. Arthur Hiller's *The In-Laws* has Peter Falk mugging like mad as a self-announced CIA agent whose son is about to marry successful dentist Alan Arkin's daughter. Laughs come thin and slow, though the first reel or so promise high-jinks, with US Treasury plates being heisted (part of a plot whereby a Central American dictator, zanily played by Richard Libertini, is going to control the world by flooding it with zillions of bills) and Falk meeting the bride-to-be's parents for the first time over dinner. He tells a superbly preposterous anecdote about an

experience in Guatemala, giant tsetse flies, protected by some special law, carrying off little children. 'Red tape in the jungle?', murmurs Arkin, as politely as possible. The other good bit has a scrawny Chinese patiently explaining, by gesture and inscrutable language, air safety procedure to a stunned Arkin, somehow emplaned – with Falk uncertainly at the controls – for that dictatorship. The pair complement each other so nicely it's a crying shame Andrew Bergman's script gets increasingly lackadaisical.

Lost and Found unhappily re-unites George Segal and Glenda Jackson. After the success of *A Touch of Class*, Melvin Frank evidently sees the couple as a new Tracy-Hepburn partnership: 'I would like to do a picture with them every four or five years.' Heaven forfend – in this one, about a widowed American professor of EngLit and a divorced film production assistant who abruptly marry after they break legs together, there is a chilling absence of chemistry, rapport, what you will. They are supposed to bicker, separate, try again; but this is ridiculous, with Miss Jackson as frosty as a wardress. See it for the intermittent giggle to be had and entirely at your own peril.

Airport '80 involves a lot of useful actors and a French Concorde in three near-crashes; the fourth and, surpassingly, the silliest of these sky-capers. Bring back the Tiger Moth. The Everyman is running a season of films by James Ivory and Satyajit Ray. Compulsory viewing.

Craig Raine

Laying a Lawn

I carry these crumbling tomes
two at a time from the stack
and lay them open on the ground.
Bound with earth to last,
they're like the wordless books
my daughter lugs about unread
or tramples underfoot. I stamp
the simple text of grass
with woodwormed brogues
while my daughter looks on,
holding her hard, muscular doll
by its only leg . . .
She hands me a caterpillar
rucked like a curtain, just as
one day she'll bring me teeth –
segments of sweet-corn
in the palm of her hand.
While she faces me, I needn't see
the thin charcoal crucifix
her legs and buttocks make,
only the hair on her body
like tiny scratches in gold,
her little cunt's neat button-hole,
and the navel's wrinkled pip . . .
For the moment, our bodies
are immortal in their ignorance –
neither one of us can read
this Domesday Book.

Weekend Competition

No 2586

Set by Fatboy

John Updike's review in the *New Yorker* of Kingsley Amis's latest novel contained the following penetrating aperçu: 'The ending of *Jake's Thing* . . . echoes with uncanny fidelity the notorious conclusion of Mickey Spillane's *I, the Jury*.' Updike was hinting at what some of us have secretly known for some time: that 'Kingsley Amis' is merely one of Spillane's pseudonyms. The other names he uses are 'William Golding' and 'Iris Murdoch'. So can we have extracts, please, from the Master's writings under any of these three pseudonyms. Maximum 150 words; entries to be in by 19 October, please.

Result of No 2583 Set by Joyce Johnson

We asked for acrostic verses which spelled out the names of personalities well-known in the comp complex.

Report

by Fat Jeff

Spiro didn't actually *attend* the Comp Romp – we'd like to make that quite clear. But you all felt his hidden presence, that sudden tickle in the back of the neck; and one or two of you, squinting up at the Romp Room ceiling, might have spotted the all-seeing video-scanner. We don't actually *know* what Spiro thought of it all, either, except that I intercepted a few of the papyric fragments which just came floating down his waste-chute. The handwriting has – how shall I put it? – a slight after-dinner look to it.

Moray McGowan not a woman . . . Barry Anthony – 'What do I have to do to get mentioned in a Report?' (the usual tenner, dear boy) . . . Eric Chubby blabbing to everyone that Mrs Watson was the brains behind W. F. N. . . . T. Griffiths phrenologically examining B. Page . . . Brian Allgar too rich for it to be worth his while comping any more . . . Hamill – afraid so . . . Ransome's 'Davies' all an affaire de coeur . . . All kneel before Joyce J . . . Only half of David Phillips . . . Fat Jeff drunk again . . .

The last fragment I have confidently identified as one of Little Keith's forgeries; he just *hated* having to do the coats vet again. A great – arguably a very great – party; and PC 49 had little trouble as he poured you out into the street to pick your way through the empty beer cans, autumn leaves and dead dogs. This week? Seven each (cut down to six because of Ransome's cheek); Thompsons (thank you again, Messrs Macmillan) to Sharpless and Hamill; two consolatory quid each to Pascoe Polglaze – to pay for a rhyming dictionary – and Robert Baird.

Master (once reserved for Noël)
Aptly summarises you,
Rattler-off of pastiche, satire,
Triolet and clerihow,
In a twinkling you can switch from
Naughty haiku to burlesque,
Fling off squibs and odes and gruesomes
At your comp-committed desk.
Great stuff . . . skill that never varies . . .
Greetings, *primus inter pares*!

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Along the inland waterways
Barges gently swish.
On the decks the idle rich
Tan, and doze, and fish.
Except for one, a hirsute bloke,

Moulding a comp to set it,
And win it, wearing a different hat:
Nice work if you can get it!

JIM ANTHONY

Proper caution some o' these 'ere blokes I
works along of,
'Course I close me eyes to things I do not
like the pong of.
Fat Jeff runs a bettin' shop an' makes a
tidy packet.
Operation Sauna's M/s de Meaner's
massage racket.
Roulette's run by Little Keith an' blimey does
'e coin it!
The Drinking Club's the Lemon Kid's, it's
fifty sheets to join it.
You knows, of course, the Comp's a front for
Mafioso Spiro?
Nice top-'alf of all the loot goes into
Keats's Giro.
I sells roasted chestnuts in the corridors
of power.
Nuts is very popular up 'ere in Babel Tower.
Evenin' all! I'm off. It's time for Complex-
Crumpet Hour.
GERRY HAMILL

Some say that your vices outrage credibility -
Pissed as a ferret and tight as a nun's.
Into self-worship, demanding servility,
Rank with ingratitude, lies and bad puns.
Others insist you are just a nonentity,
Kid of a father whose money and clout
Endows him with - via your pseudo-identity -
A privileged platform to sputter and spout.
Tattle and rumour! Sheer envy and pique!
Seven quid, is it, for Basil this week?

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Picked to patrol us
Comp-creatures,
4 he's got stern and satur-
9 features.

Girls born in Ulva, and Bucks.,
And in Exeter - likewise all ducks -
Very loudly complain
In a self-righteous vein,
Nothing's sacred for him. And, aw shucks,

Even those surnamed Hunt want to
spike him,

Wish to stab, spear, cut, thrust, even
pike him.

And once I concurred,
Really gave him the bird.
Till he gave me a prize. Now I like him.

BILL GREENWELL

Molly, Miss Fitton, displays pretty wit on
All sorts of unlikely subjects. she's fun;
Rufus and Robin, both do a good job in
These competitions, they've frequently won;
Ian the Kelso, he also does well, so
Never deny him his place in the sun;
For one who is madly proficient, we gladly

Add Tim O'Dowda, and then we have done.
Guess the identity cloaked by this plenty,
Going two better than God's Three in One.
A. J. WYBORN

Rhythm, scansion,
Onomatopoeia,
You know it all
From what I hoeia.
Useless, then, to enter a
Limerick or ode of mine -
Let alone an elegy -
Even more so if one line
Rhymes with nothing else.

C. VITA-FINZI



Tony Miles

Chess

No 151

Miniatures

Returning to this year's British Championship for a more light-hearted look, I hope you will enjoy the following three miniatures.

The theme in the first game is amusing though not very original:

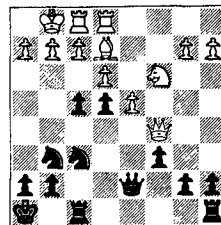
White: P. Littlewood Black: J. Penrose
1.P-Q4, P-Q4; 2.P-QB4, PxP; 3.N-KB3, P-QR3;
4.P-K3, N-KB3; 5.BxP, P-K3 6.O-O, P-B4; 7.P-QR4, N-B3; 8.Q-K2, Q-B2; 9.N-B3, B-Q3; 10.K-R1?! (Theory recommends 10.R-Q1; 10.P-Q5, 10.P-QN3 and 10.B-Q2 have also been tried), O-O; 11.PxP, BxBP; 12.P-K4? (confusing plans), N-KN5; 13.B-R2?? (13.P-KN3 was necessary to prevent the following ...), N-Q5! and White resigned.

Jonathan Mestel was involved twice; in the second round:

White: I. McAllen Black: J. Mestel
1.P-K4, P-QB4; 2.N-KB3, P-Q3; 3.P-Q4, N-KB3;
4.N-B3, PxP; 5.NxP, P-KN3; 6.P-B4, B-N2; 7.P-K5, N-R4; 8.B-N5ch, B-Q2; 9.BxBch? QxB; 10.PxP, QxP; 11.N(Q4)-N5, Q-QB3; 12.N-Q5?, N-R3 and White resigned having, at this stage, only 4 minutes left on his clock. His position is hopeless e.g. 13.N(Q5)-B3, QxNP; 13.P-QR4, R-Q1; 13.N(N5)-B3, R-Q1; 14.Q-B3, P-K3; 15.N-K3, BxNch; 16.PxB, QxPch; 17.K-B2, QxR; 18.B-R3, Q-Q5.

... and in round eight he had the opportunity to repeat the opening:

White: J. Littlewood Black: J. Mestel
1.P-K4, P-QB4; 2.N-KB3, P-Q3; 3.P-Q4, N-KB3;
4.N-B3, PxP; 5.NxP, P-KN3; 6.P-B4, B-N2; 7.P-K5, N-R4; 8.B-N5ch, B-Q2; (This time White played the correct:) 9.P-K6, PxP; 10.NxP, BxNch; 11.PxB, Q-B1 (an improvement on 11... Q-R4; 12.B-Q2, BxB; 13.P-B4±; 12.BxBch, KxB?!! (12... NxB has been seen before); 13.N-N5, Q-B5; 14.R-QN1, K-B2; 15.R-N4!, QxRP; 16.Q-K2, N-QB3; 17.N-K6ch and Black resigned since after K-B1 White has 18.RxP!.



Problem 151

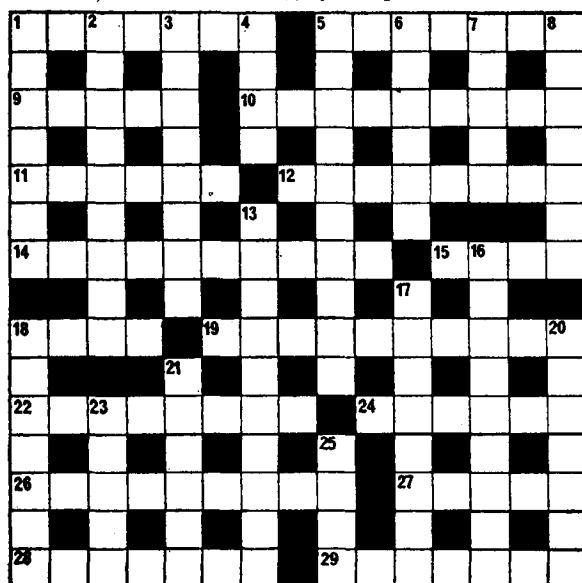
Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN post-marked not later than 17 October.

Solution to problem 149

1.R-Q8! resigns. The threat is 2.R-N7mate and 1... RxR allows 2.P-B7ch and 3.PxR=Qch.

Weekend Crossword 1318

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1318, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 16 October.



ACROSS

- 1 Get angry about Victor being cut off (7).
- 5 Teachers make love in secret places (7).
- 9 Giants among progressives (5).
- 10 The hostelry had nothing unusual inside to cause excitement (9).
- 11 Gallic fractions? (6).
- 12 Random adventurer (8).
- 14 Sad if marry in obscurity in country places (5, 5).
- 15 Sound right as Othello (4).
- 18 Although they are against they keep company with us (4).
- 19 'Squamous —, and kind' (Brooke) (10).
- 22 Voice which has an Italian provincial sound (8).
- 24 The child holds her to be an angelic creature (6).
- 26 Players who take part in short race (9).
- 27 It is characteristic of the artist in Tom (5).
- 28 Crosser when over eighteen (7).

- 29 Man who has to walk in front of female (7).

DOWN

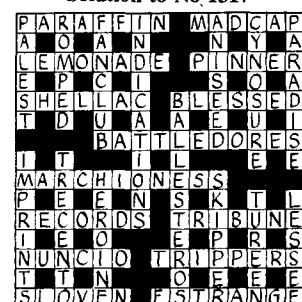
- 1 Sighted a leopard? (7).
- 2 Colour wanted by Mini lover (9).
- 3 Dry seats used for leisure (4, 4).
- 4 To move quickly is the opposite of old-fashioned (4).
- 5 Means of protection provided by covering letters (4, 2, 4).
- 6 What is broken we heal, but not on foot (6).
- 7 It could be left behind if the nymph lost time (5).
- 8 See park all around, and he is talking at the corner (7).
- 13 If one is in this Salisbury Plain place, he runs the army (10).
- 16 Giles has to go too far (9).
- 17 Caught the poet twisting about in little bag (8).
- 18 An expression of disapproval during an exam in the kitchen (7).

- 20 Oriental who achieves a moderate standard in metalwork? (7).

- 21 Shortened thoroughfare going round trunk road (6).
- 23 Have regrets about a decoration but it's only frills! (5).
- 25 Beat up own side (4).

SET SQUARE

Solution to No 1317



Prizewinners to No 1317

Mavis Marshall
(Whitley Bay)
David Ealey (Leigh-on-Sea)
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(Blandford St Mary)

APPOINTMENTS

CIVIL & PUBLIC SERVICES ASSOCIATION

Research Assistant

The Civil and Public Services Association, a trade union representing over 200,000 members in the Civil Service, Post Office, Civil Aviation Authority and other related bodies invites applications for the post of Research Assistant.

The incumbent will undertake a full range of research as allocated by the Head of Research on issues related to the interests of CPSSA as a TUC-affiliated union. A good honours degree in relevant subject(s) and not less than two years' experience in some of the following areas would be preferred: use and interpretation of statistical and economic information; computer processing of survey data; drafting of research reports and recommendations. The person appointed preferably should have experience and interest in the trade union movement, and the ability to co-operate and work with people at all levels within CPSSA.

The starting pay is £5,727 p.a. rising to £6,677 p.a., including Inner London Weighting. Full details of the post, together with an application form, may be obtained from

MISS J. DOUCH, PERSONNEL OFFICER, CIVIL & PUBLIC SERVICES ASSOCIATION, 215 BALHAM HIGH ROAD, LONDON SW17 7BQ; telephone 01-672 1299, extension 284. Closing date for receipt of application forms will be 19 October 1979.

COLLEGE LEAVER SECRETARIES will find a superb choice of excellent career openings through Covent Garden Staff Bureau, 01-353 7696.

TYPIST for historical/literary project requiring complete accuracy, UK education essential, non-smoker preferred. Hours and terms to be arranged. Apply to Mrs Norris, 34 Tavistock Square, London WC1H 9EZ.

City of London Polytechnic
Students Union

FINANCE OFFICER

Salary £5,600

To be responsible for aspects of financial control in conjunction with elected officers. Experience with Olivetti's BCS 2030 an advantage. Apply with detailed C.V. plus names of 2 referees and formal letter of application to: The President, CLPSU, Fairholt House, 102-105 Whitechapel High Street, London E1. Tel: 01-247 1441.

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01-379 6662.

Mozambique Needs Teachers

Teachers are urgently needed in secondary schools in the following subjects: **Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Mechanics.** The teaching language is Portuguese, so only those looking for a real challenge should apply.

Also the Maputo International School needs the following: **1 kindergarten teacher; 2 primary teachers; 2 middle school class teachers; upper middle school specialists in mathematics, physics/chemistry, art.** Teaching language is English.

All contracts are for two years. If you are interested and have at least one year's experience, write or phone: **Mozambique Recruitment Programme, 34 Percy Street, London W1P 9FG. 01-636 7108.**

NATIONAL UNION OF TEACHERS

Post of Official in Salaries and Superannuation Dept.

Applications are invited for the post of Official in the Salaries and Superannuation Department of the National Union of Teachers. The Official is second-in-command in the Department which is responsible to the Executive for the policy and work of the Union in the area of salaries, superannuation and national insurance. This includes responsibility for all the negotiating work of the Union in respect of teachers' salaries and pensions, the servicing of the Union's side of a number of national negotiating bodies, and dealing with members' problems on salaries, pensions and national insurance.

Applicants should have had experience in the field of salary negotiations and preferably possess knowledge of superannuation and national insurance matters. Proven administrative abilities would be an advantage.

The person appointed will serve under the General Secretary of the Union.

Salary scale: £7,890 to £8,634 plus £72 p.a. plus £476 London Allowance.

Further details and application form may be obtained from: **The General Secretary, National Union of Teachers, Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, London WC1H 9BD, or by telephone 01-387 2442 ext. 15. Completed application forms should be returned not later than Friday, 26 October.**

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Universiteit van Amsterdam

Applications are invited for the tenure-post of

professor(m/f) of English literature

in the English Department of the University of Amsterdam, with responsibility for teaching and research in English literature after 1500. The appointee will be required to stimulate and co-ordinate teaching and research in the English Department, and to take an active part in university management both within and outside the department.

Though all well-qualified candidates will be sympathetically considered, preference will be given to a Renaissance specialist.

Requirements:

- general acquaintance with the whole field of modern English literature, including modern literary theory; and a thorough knowledge of the area of specialisation
- thorough experience of teaching and research at university level
- capacity for organisation and management, and willingness to apply it within the university system.

A non-Dutch-speaking appointee would be expected to attain a reasonable competence in the spoken and written language within two years.

Salary: minimum Dfls. 6,798.- to maximum Dfls. 10,630.- per month with provisions for superannuation.

Applications, including a curriculum vitae and a list of publications as well as the names and addresses of references should be sent within three weeks to

Prof. Dr. W. Hogendoorn,
c/o Bureau Faculteit der Letteren,
Spuistraat 210, 1012 VT Amsterdam,
the Netherlands.

Names of suitable candidates proposed by those who do not wish to apply themselves may also be sent to the above address.

THE MINORITY RIGHTS GROUP

an information charity concerned with international minority problems, requires this October an efficient and reliable

Administrative Secretary

for its office in central London.

Salary £3,250 plus LVs.

The position requires experience of book-keeping, plus typing, despatching orders and answering queries.

For further details please contact JACKIE JOHNSON 01-930 6659, as soon as possible.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF SOCIAL SERVICE

ADMINISTRATOR

The NCSS aims are to extend the involvement of voluntary organisations in responding to social issues, to be a resource centre for them and to protect their interests and independence. It is a charity and company limited by guarantee and its staff totals some 150.

The Administrator is on a level with deputy directors and as a member of the management team is responsible for the development of policy and its implementation. As head of the central administration, the successful applicant will have a broad range of responsibilities including budgetary control, all aspects of personnel administration, servicing of executive and other committees, and supervision of central services.

The position offers a great challenge requiring a high level of administrative ability, personnel management and industrial relationship practices. Applicants should preferably have knowledge of the voluntary sector.

Starting salary will not be less than £11,750 plus London Weighting of £524. Five weeks and three days annual leave; superannuation scheme; subsidised lunches.

Further details and application form from the Personnel Officer, 26 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3HU. Closing date: 19 October 1979.



RICHMOND FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL VITAL TRAINING POSTS

TWO SENIOR STAFF TRAINING POSITIONS

are immediately available for St Charles House in North Kensington. The successful candidates will be responsible for running of this mixed diagnosis therapeutic community for adults where senior staff are trained for the UK branch of this international organisation. Salary negotiable to £5,000 p.a. according to appointment and previous relevant training experience.

The Fellowship also needs

Deputy Wardens

ideally with relevant experience.

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Details and application forms from:

Assistant Director for Resident Services, The Richmond Fellowship, 8 Addison Road, London W14 8DL. Tel: 01-603 6373.

Centre for Information on Language Teaching and Research

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Previous experience in publicity/information work essential, including techniques of production of books, pamphlets and leaflets.

Salary on scale £6,300 to £7,299 (to be increased January 1980).

Further information and application form from: Director CILT, 20 Carlton House Terrace, London SW1Y 5AP. Telephone 01-839 2626.

Applications as soon as possible.

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Perth

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Applications are invited for appointment as a LECTURER in the Department of Philosophy from early in 1980. This will be a temporary appointment for two years initially with the possibility of renewal for a further period. A wide competence in Philosophy including the teaching of Aesthetics is required. Current salary range: \$A16,291-\$21,401 per annum. The appointee will be entitled to fares to Perth for self and fully dependent family, a removal allowance, and to similar return benefits to place of engagement on completion of two or more years' service. Information concerning the Department is available from the Acting Staffing Officer in the University, or from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.

Applications in duplicate stating full personal particulars, qualifications and experience should reach the Acting Staffing Officer, University of Western Australia, Netherlands, 6009, Western Australia by 3 November 1979. Candidates should request three referees to write immediately to the Acting Staffing Officer.

LA TROBE UNIVERSITY Melbourne, Australia

SCHOOL OF HUMANITIES

Lecturer in English

(Fixed Term)

The English Department wishes to appoint a Lecturer qualified to teach Greek drama in addition to English literature. However, applicants without qualifications in Greek who have a particular interest in 19th and 20th Century literature will also be considered.

The English Department offers undergraduate courses in English literature ranging from Chaucer to the present, and in American and Australian literature. Some study of Greek tragedy in translation is included in a third-year tragedy course. Further details about teaching arrangements within the Department may be obtained from the Chairman, Mr R. J. Barnes, in the University.

Salary: \$A16,291 - £21,401.

Further information and application forms are available from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF. Applications close on 2 November 1979.

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Telephone or write, immediately, for application form, enclosing addressed envelope, quoting reference no. 1671/NS to Appointments Department, BBC, London W1A 1AA. Telephone: 01-580 4468 Ext. 4619.

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JOINT WORKING GROUP for Refugees from Latin America seeks fund raiser. Experience essential; knowledge of Latin America/Third World desirable. Salary £4,470 p.a. CVs and 2 references to 21 Star St., London W2.

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WOMAN SOCIALIST, 31, seeks work. 5 years teaching experience. English as a foreign language and other. Fairly widely travelled in southern Africa, for the last three years in Mozambique participating in the development of collective work methods. Speaks fair Portuguese. Free Feb. 1980. Box 632.

Fellowships

NATO FELLOWSHIPS

A limited number of Fellowships are available to graduates of established reputation from NATO countries during the academic year 80/81 to undertake research in NATO countries leading to publication on aspects relevant to the Alliance. The award will be a lump sum of 120,000 Belgian francs or equivalent in local currency, and authorised travel expenses. Further information and application forms are obtainable from:

Scholarships Department, British Council, 10 Spring Gardens, London SW1.

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PERSON with some capital wishes to contact another/other with capital, view purchase house Inner London, suitable conversion s/c units. Prof. people pref. Box 6605.

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ROMANTIC LOVE isn't conceived in a test-tube. I doubt if it stems from these days. But there's only one way to find out. Sir Galahad should be over 40, London-based, unattached, available, tender, perhaps even sentimental. The rest is up to chance and chemistry. I don't believe in miracles. But who knows? Box 6619.

MALE, 54, divorced, essentially family man, living near Feltham, Middlesex. Non-driver, left-wing, enjoys the arts especially music, wishes to meet woman, not over 48, for caring relationship. Box 6604.

PROF. BUSINESS WOMAN, 34, divorced, one child: educated, slim, fair, versatile, with many interests: racing, sailing, rambling, theatre, proms, books, horticulture, cars, dining and dancing etc., desires friendship with similar male. Box 6630. All replies answered.

EDUCATED, cultivated, richish, handsomish tall man, with no-one special, sixty, divorced, own house central London, active successful art world, very civilised, seeks slim, not too tall, youngish woman who likes older men, for a nice life together and to be kind and intelligent with each other. He longs to fall in love again and wonders if anyone might feel the same and answer this. Box 6543.

MANCHESTER MALE, 40, seeks new company, offers lady lunch date. Box 6556.

LITERARY WOMAN, 60+, left-wing, smoker. Interested art, theatre, cinema, poetry, languages etc., would like to hear from man over 60, wishing an equal, permanent partnership. London. Box 6572.

ARTISTIC, OPTIMISTIC, independent brunnette, 47, seeks sincere, prof. unattached, appreciative male, for friendship/marriage. Interests music, travel, countryside etc. SE, East Anglia. Box 6567.

FOREIGN prof. woman, 41, separated, two children, living in London, would like to meet prof. man for friendship. Box 6466.

VERY PRESENTABLE, Continental lady, 49, independent means, would join forces presentable gentleman, willing to retire sunny coast. Box 6594.

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Theatres

THEATRE & FILM GUIDES in this issue. For Theatre see page 523 and Films see page 525.

ALDWYCH (Royal Shakespeare Company) 836 6404. Recorded bkg info 836 5332. Gorky's 'Children of the Sun' and 'Love's Labour's Lost'. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in 'The Merchant of Venice' and Nigel Baldwin's 'Men's Beano'.

NATIONAL THEATRE 928 2252. 'Richard III', 'As You Like It', 'Death of a Salesman'. See daily press for dates & times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

NEW END 794 0238. 'Adam's Apple' by Peter Simpkin. Tues.-Suns. 8 p.m. (no perf. 7 Oct.).

ROYAL COURT 730 1745. Prevs from 18 Oct. 'Sargeant Ola and His Followers'.

Concert

MAHLER: don't forget Symphony No 6 (continued cycle of his symphonies) Guildhall School of Music (Barbican, Moorgate) Sat. 20 Oct. 7.40 prompt. Joseph Pilbery conductor. Tickets now avail., tel. Potters Bar (77) 50735. Mahler.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Woody Allen's 'Manhattan' (AA). 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, 7.00, 9.00.

Literary

MATCHLIGHT: British Poetry Today: Orangerie, Holland Pk. 11 Oct. 7.15 p.m. Leslie Norris + P. Doubell + E. A. Poe Interludes. 01-352 7409.

POETRY READING: Paul Dunbar and Mark Abley 'Lamb and Flag'. 33 Rose St., Covent Garden, WC2. Wed. 10 Oct. 8 p.m.

Exhibition

FREUD FORTY YEARS AFTER: Exhibition, Wednesday 3 October to Saturday 3 November at the Goethe Institute, and Freud Lectures and Films at Austrian, French, Goethe and Italian Institutes from Thursday 4 October through Tuesday 13 November. Leaflets from the Goethe Institute, 50 Princes Gate, London SW7 (01-581 3344).

Meetings

GRESHAM LECTURES IN ASTRONOMY

'Sunspots and Ice Ages' by Professor D. W. Dewhurst

Three one-hour lectures at The City University, Northampton Square, EC1, at 5.45 p.m. 11, 18 & 25 October.

ADMISSION FREE

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (Gower St. WC1E 6BT). The Freud Memorial Lecture in Psychoanalysis by Dr André Green, 'Psychoanalysis and Ordinary Modes of Thought', Monday 15 October at 5.30 in the Chemistry Auditorium, Christopher Ingold Laboratories, Gordon Street, WC1. Admission free. Without ticket.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON Gower St. WC1E 6BT. Lunch-Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2.9 Oct. 'Freud and Philosophy' by Professor Richard Wolheim, 11 Oct. 'Diet and Cancer of the Large Bowel' by Dr P. J. E. Cruse.

ICA EVENTS, The Mall, SW1. 5 October 7.30. Tim Page talks accompanying his 'NAM' Exhibition. 11 October 7 p.m. Bert Hogenkamp on Joris Ivens' 'Life & Work with Film excerpts'. 7.30 'The Role of Technology: Will Chip Fry the Third World?'. Third World Discussion. 8.00. 9.30 3647.

SHAW SOCIETY, T. F. Evans on 'Shaw and Children'. Fri. 12 Oct. at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Coffee 6.30 p.m. Lecture 7 p.m.

EDUCATION ATTACKED from nursery to college. Communist Party of Britain (Marxist-Leninist) Fri. 12 Oct. 7.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn WC1.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sun. 7 Oct. 8 p.m. 'The New Age'. ULT. 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

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PROF. COUPLE, Teacher (Kensington) and mental handicap instructor (Lisson Grove), new appointments, desperately seeks s.c. flat. £30 p.w. 01-693 8372 (after 6 p.m.).

POST. GRAD. Journalism Student sks accom. pref. N. London. David Poyser 01-581 0529.

AMERICAN Academic couple seek flat, within easy access to UCL, for immediate occupancy. Box 6555.

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COUNTRY COTTAGE OWNERS. Do you have cottage easy reach London, vacant Oct.-Dec? Academic writer sks periodic retreat. 01-723 6537.

Political Film & Education

THE SHY GIANTS

This is a new filmstrip about multi-national companies produced by Bedford World Development Action Group as a discussion starter for older secondary school pupils and college and adult groups. As the world economy becomes increasingly dominated by the giant multi-nationals there is mounting unease about their power and the way it is used in both rich and poor countries.

HOW TO GET IT

The filmstrip has 100 shots of full frame size. It comes complete with a taped commentary on cassette lasting 25 minutes, plus script and background notes. Copies can be bought from BWDAG

(address below) for £5 plus postage.

All other requests for hiring copies to WDM, Bedford Chambers, Covent Garden, London WC2E 8HA. (Tel: 01-836 3672). Their hire fee is £1.

WHAT IS BWDAG?

Bedford World Development Action Group has about 15 active members none of whom has made a filmstrip before. We are the local branch of the World Development Movement, working for public education and political change on world development issues. Finance was provided by grants from the Ministry of Overseas Development.

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